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Orpheus and Eurydice

John Pennie

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ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

A GRECIAN TRAGEDY.

Orpheus, based

PLATO'S VERSION.

By JOHN PENNIE, J.R.

ILLUSTRATED.

ALBANY, N. Y.:
J. B. LYON COMPANY, PRINTERS.
1901.

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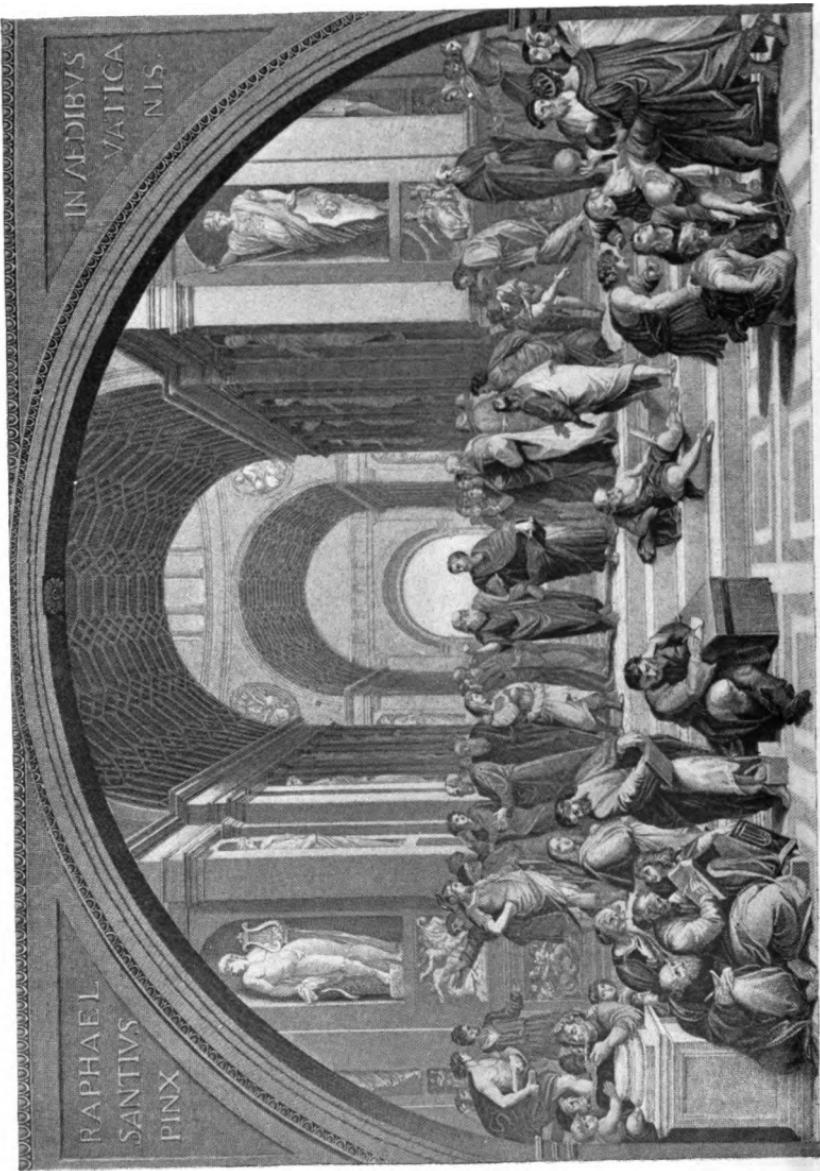


The Victor,
Whiting, N.Y.

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INTRODUCTION PREFACE

BY THE AUTHOR

To ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

A GREEK OPERATIC TRAGEDY

It is not meters, but meter-making argument, that makes a poem.—EMERSON.

BEING fully aware herein, of the height I have attempted to climb, and emboldened by expressed opinions of friends presumed to have competent knowledge of the subject, the following version of the poem “Orpheus and Eurydice” is submitted to the public with some confidence of their approval.

As the Olympic Games have been reproduced at Paris and will be again at Athens and other cities, it seems to prove a trend towards Greek thought in literature—a revival of its drama and fable.

The Death of Orpheus, an epic poem, was written by Homer about the year 900 B. C. Additions were made by Plato 400 B. C., and some supposed errors corrected by Aristotle at request of Alexander the Great, 330 B. C.

An epic poem (defined) should contain a complete subject. Ancient, historical, and descriptive mainly of tragic events, founded on facts—embellished with fiction—should be rendered in suitable language quaintly expressed, harmonious in song, if operatic—should be instructive, philosophic, and moral, with strong probability and natural expression.

Strict rules in composition are pedantic; better with some errors than hypercritically perfect. An epic poem should move the passions and affections with elegant and appropriate thoughts and incidents. The author takes the liberty of inserting his own comments and probabilities as to the real and fabulous parts therein. The hypercritic muse may insist the measure be exact — yet knows repeated couplets tire the ear and detract from nature's common sense.

The author, notwithstanding what others have written, ventures and submits this, his version of what Plato is supposed to have said in repeating this ancient story of Orpheus and Eurydice, which he is presumed to narrate before the assembled scholars at the Odeum — the great theater near the Parthenon at Athens. Likewise with some additions, amendments, and comments in some degree therein connected, including The Argonautic Expedition, The Delian Festival, The Olympic Games, The Demise of Eurydice, the Bacchanalian Feast, and The Death of Orpheus.

From the following historical record, "Orpheus of Thrace was historian of the Voyage of the Argo — successor of Apollo, received from him the harp and lyre as poet, bard, and orator. Upon the Argo's return he was to marry Eurydice; but upon the day, as the tale was told, she died by the sting of a serpent — in point of fact, caused by excess of joy upon seeing him crowned by the Judges at the Olympic Arena. His sorrow thereby caused him apparently to slight and look with contempt upon the women of Thrace, who, in revenge, tore him to pieces under the excitement of a Bacchanalian Revel."

"The Death of Orpheus" has been put on canvas, and is one of the most celebrated masterpieces of

French art. It was painted by Emil Levy, at Paris, in 1878. It has been engraved by Goupil & Co., and published with other superb French and German masterpieces of two volumes each by Gebbie & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., copyrighted. Inserted herein by permission. The painting is in the Luxemburg Gallery, Paris.

The author gives thanks to David McKay, Esq., publisher of "Bulfinch's Age of Fable and Beauties of Mythology," revised by the Rev. J. L. Scott, D. D., of Philadelphia, Pa. (a most excellent work), for permission to use herein some of its illustrations.

To a certain extent chronological data is ignored herein. Historical incidents in the Heroic Age of Greece, even to the fifth century b. c., are unreliable. The poets have made the same (true or false) highly interesting, classic, and delightful.

The author ventures without fear, as "Jason of the Argo" and his compeers, an attempt to capture, if not a "Golden fleece." He hopes to give at least some pleasure to those who may read this Grecian story reproduced, with a more plausible history in an entire new dress.

Fable elucidations bear pleasing explanations; they are the ornaments used by the poets. The mythological are thus understood.

JOHN PENNIE, JR.

The following gratifying indorsements of friends are published by consent.

J. P., JR.

“UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS,

“PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

“MY DEAR MR. PENNIE:

“*I have read your version of Homer's poem, 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' through with great pleasure and continued interest.*

“*The fascinating story has been reproduced by you in a way to interest the casual reader and man of affairs.* * **

“*I cannot refrain from expressing surprise that you are able to apply your mind to such highly exacting literary effort.*

“*With best regards, I am sincerely yours,*

“ANDREW S. DRAPER.”

“ALBANY, N. Y., May 3, 1891.

“MY DEAR MR. PENNIE:

“*I listened with great interest to the reading of your version of Homer's poem, 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' wondering all the time how it was possible that one who has given his whole life to mercantile pursuits could find time and pleasure in this occupation, displaying mental activities and labors creditable to known literary men and scholars.*

“*I congratulate you upon the possession of powers I had not anticipated.*

“*With great regard, your friend,*

“MAURICE E. VIELE.”

"ALBANY, N. Y., May, 1901.

"MR. JOHN PENNIE :

"DEAR SIR.—Having read your version of Homer's epic poem, '*Orpheus and Eurydice*', and being familiar with Greek literature, with its theology, etc., I commend your admirable production. It is both pleasing, natural, comprehensive and complete.

"The story is told by you as being delivered by Plato before the students at Athens in presence of Socrates. This is cleverly brought about and is somewhat new in literature.

"The explanatory remarks introduced by you at different stages of the poem, give it animation, connection and historic interest.

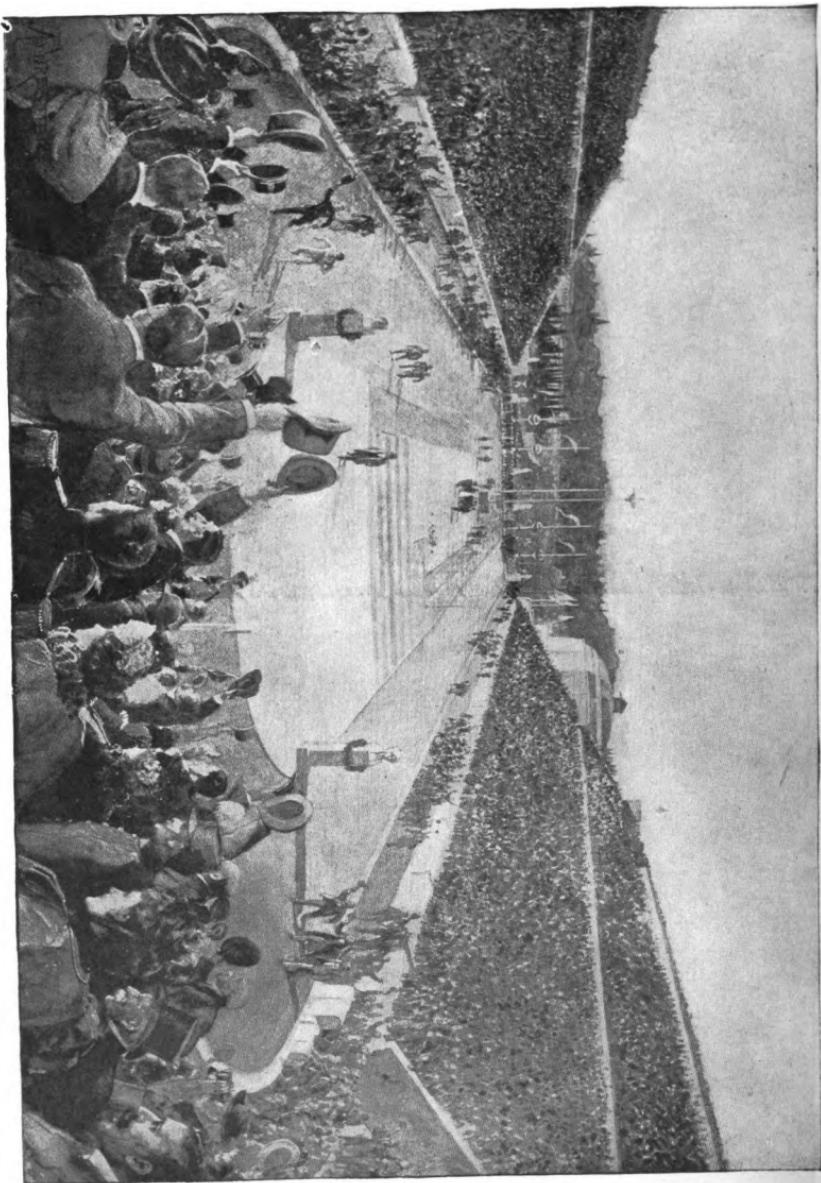
"It is an art production of considerable merit. It is Grecian thought in action and tragedy, such as Plato in part might use and recite before the scholars at the Lyceum, as set forth by you, I pronounce it highly tragic, dramatic, musical and poetic, enlivened, likewise, with comedy of a high order. I believe it will, if published, be highly appreciated upon its literary merits.

"Yours very truly,

"P. J. WALLACE."

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
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(xi)



OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS, 1896.
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AURORA (RENI).

GRECIAN TRAGEDY

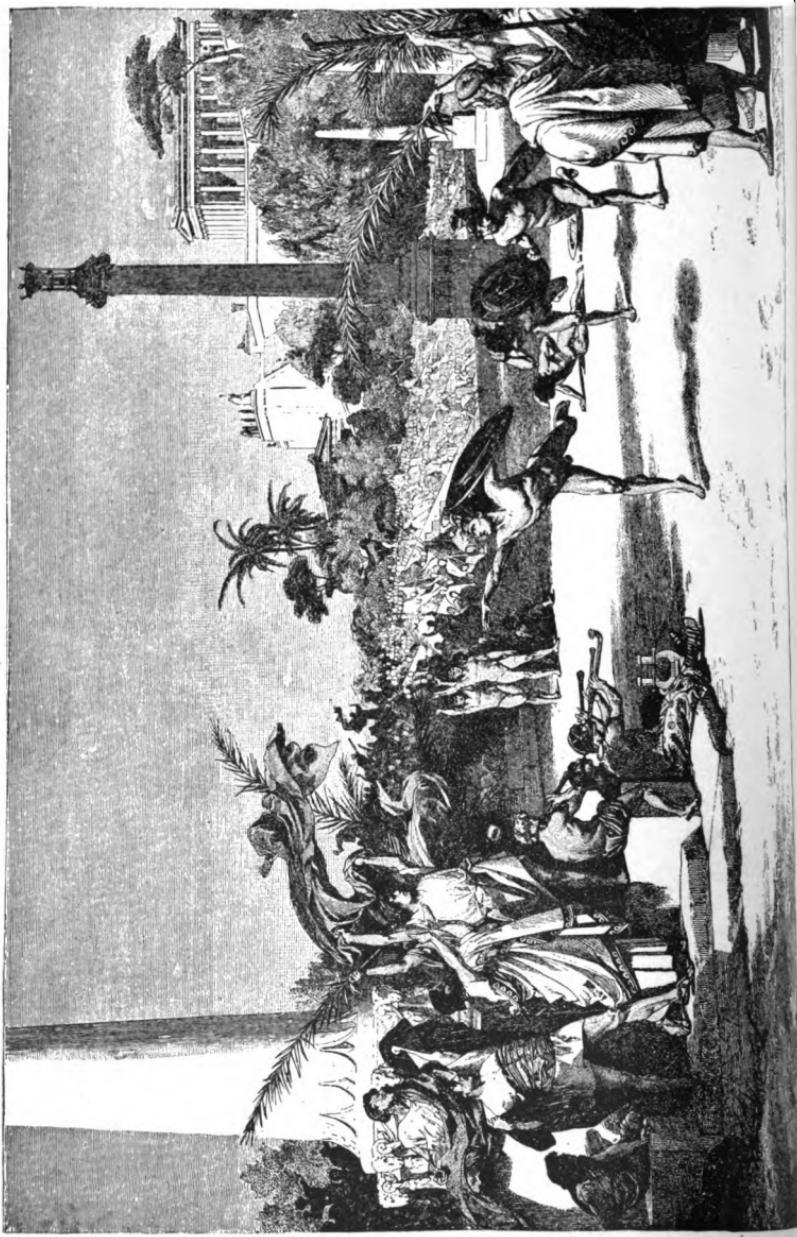
ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

AT Athens, as announced, Plato* appears before the audience in the Great Hall, the Odeum, to repeat the Homeric story of Orpheus and Eurydice, Socrates presiding, who, as a prelude, said:

“The Argonauts dispersed the pirates of the Euxine, and to commerce opened the Danube’s mouths; Orpheus as diplomat, poet, and historian, upon his return, relates the adventures of the Argo and its successful voyage before the multitude and judges at the Olympic games and won the olive crown.”

Plato had a full audience as he stood before the Athenian scholars, and, in easy, flowing measure, said: “Orpheus, famed of old, admired of Apollo. The sweet singer, having received the lyre from his hand as his most worthy successor, whose touch

* Plato, a most illustrious philosopher of antiquity, died at Athens, 348 B. C., age 81. His language beautiful and correct, and his philosophy sublime.



produced such harmony with song and voice attuned, that the animate and inanimate of earth, the very rocks and verdure of the fields, the woods and birds therein, delighted moved or silent was, listening to sweeter, more attractive songs than theirs, with a flow of melody more continuous; so that the wild became tame, approached, and fain would leave their native haunts to domesticate with him.

His music, voice and song detained Diana's Nymphs when on their way to worship at the Temple of Delos, causing them to halt, to leave the chase, and her of whom we speak was captive made, and broke her vow, alas! as a novice of Diana's.

'Tis said Orpheus' music was so divine to the ear that Hermes could but approve Apollo's choice in him. Luna nightly shone more bright when with his harp he sang. The Muses acquiesced, conceding that such rendition held the key to the heart, sciences and affections, and was irresistible. Calliope, his mother, viewing from the Shades, joyed that her early teachings were not in vain. But alas! as sounds, those with sweetest voices cease to speak, the heart and harp hath a broken string. He died — was slain.

The tale will many a repetition bear. Ages have passed since then, but Grecian maidens still adore him, when e'er they hear his name or speak of love, and sigh, and say, 'we know not such an other!'

The Muses weep for such as he (the pure of earth) there are so few.

They buried him on Mount Olympus, near Heaven his place of birth, and in soothing plaint, Philomela sings above, as if to call him back again.

The zephyrs, sweep with joy through the vale, to join the echo of his anthem, sung on Mount Olympus, where Juno in beauty reigns and Jupiter presides.

Orpheus' music is still heard therein (the resort of the Gods). There Venus, Love and Hymen come, to rest in its shady walks. There had Orpheus played and sang his sonnets — his mystical hymns to the Gods. Hymns now held sacred: there, at first, Eurydice met him — 'Dawn of brightness!' attracted thither, not by sound of harp or lyre, entire — 'twas more, 'twas early love. Its discovery gave mutual joy, tho' should its flame increase the shrine and Diana will be offended — the sisterhood of Delos be shock'd.

But Orpheus' life and death will tell us what of music, what of love — their power and possibilities, that mortals may perceive and admit the divine therein, and adore the first great cause thereof; believe, and feel that all his works and laws are highest harmony, sweetest music, purest love, displayed on earth to prepare us for Elysium. Such belief should soothe sorrow's wounds, give valor to the sons of Mars, and cause the tongue to praise, and with eloquence to flow. Music rendered by Orpheus did awake the old heroes, and recall the wild music of the onset; that they would again shout their defiant cry of victory. What, tho' later came, alas! music's voice in the measured tread — the muffled drum, the requiem and dirge.

This recognition of valor, tho' rendered late, will ever be a solemn offering, that the Gods may accept; such, contented die, as wounded, they listen to the martial airs — the music and the valor told in the old songs of his native land.

Such heroes — such sacrifices great Zeus will not despise. In brief, thus sang Orpheus before the poets and Grecian warriors at the Olympic games; and thus obtained his fame, as successor of Apollo in music, song and eloquence (terms synonymous) so said they,

the Judges, as they the olive crown awarded; so said they who bore him off triumphant, mid shouts and loud acclaims.

That envied prize obtained was the climax of his prosperity—the Muses' halo—the brow encircled poet's fame—won, with smiles and words of praise that the ambitious seek, and friends and loving hearts give, extol and venerate.

Effort to excel, pervade the strong of soul—for fame, for right and nation. Orpheus strove for these, but not for fame alone. He had returned to Athens for love, to claim that, that is admitted to be, the most agreeable delight to man—the possession of a loving and beloved object; such was to him Eurydice.

He had, with eye and ear, inhaled the music of the spheres:—those discernings were hereditary, his; to him they pervade all nature in the germ, in the bud and blossom, in the spring winds piping through the reeds, in the gurgling of the waters from fen and creek, by the way, loitering, lapping wave on wave, that kiss each other and purer pursue their travel to the broad waters, whose splash and spray reveal their light prismatic colors—so, in the grand, boundless billows of the ocean, in the storm and calm, in the gentle rain and in the torrent, in the warm and glorious sun, and 'neath the placid moon, in their light and shade, that tinge and illume the mountains and the valleys. They were to him more glorious, more sacred than all the man-carved gods of deluded worshipers. They have no terror, for they delight, they adorn the earth, and in their never-ending change give happiness to man. Roar Boreas, the earth's extremes are thine; drive the clouds, tear the sail, or with gentle sweep blush the ripening grain. Come Neptune! with thy white mountains crowd thy way

to the currents that flow beneath ; carry thy frozen bulk to warmer waters, and take the finny shoals refreshment, the walrus and the seal will not complain — monsters of the deep, throw aloft thy spray of brine, from depths unfathom'd brought — sing, birds of every zone ; feather'd friends, come, sip from bounteous Nature's store ; and fiercer creatures (that provide for thine own with much solicitude) come, eat and slake thy throats and live. Bright orbs, with thy wandering or fixed light, beyond the blue, that were guides of the Argo, rejoice, twinkle thy delight, shine and speak thy praises to Nature's God — his music of the spheres — his harmony sublime and love divine.

No stranger was Orpheus to the parts therein — he knew each bud and blossom, their seed and harvest time ; he knew the birds that come and go — the sea-gulls, the swift of wing, and the twitterers, their calls and carols, whistles and cooings ; for, in imitation, if he but called or sang, they seemed to know his voice, and fearless came ; where e'er he moved they followed, nearer came to listen and to wonder, so that the woods were all in motion with charmed appreciation ; some, in joy, essayed to wreath in circles with expanded wings above his head, as tho' in act awarding in mimicry a crown, such as the judges give at the Olympic games to the victorious. Eurydice once (a happy time) plaited such a wreath, with leaves and flowers, aided by other clorises, and in merry frolic crowned him, as tho' foretelling an event — it was before he sailed with Jason on the Argo — and many joyous voices chorally applauded ; tho' other maidens, standing by, amazed were — not daring, tho' envying — they felt that she was in possession ; that Orpheus' heart was hers ; that she held the will of him she loved. The maidens kindly smiled and congratulations

whispered—could he not indite the choruses (the mystic hymns), render the oratorios of Apollo, and the senses charm to acquiescence, and love invite.

But now, maidens, novices and friends were preparing for the Delian feast, for a journey to Delos, and little Terpsichores came, like dancing skiffs, with fruits and flowers, from many a garden and cove put out, to the Great Barge, to join the goodly throng. The soft music, perfume of flowers and gaudy colors did show that not a fear or cloud was near, as they, towards Delos departed from the Piræus.

The Olympiad more than half its time had sped, since the sailing of the Argo.

To be in reserve, and to escape importunities, Eurydice now lingered long at the shrine of Diana, until with her nymphs her name had been enrolled, but sighs and anxious thoughts would come—an orphan, no mother in whom to confide. * * * The serious, who contemplate the changes and frailties of life, its ~~feeling~~, joys, have intuition of superior things, more perfect than those of earth—she thought to find them at Diana's shrine, and at first was noted, apt, impressive, and as most devout. But she ever thought of him upon the sea, even when in the midst thereof it would intrude.

Oh! that he had not been away! In her heart love had been pleading—throbbing all the day—mingling with each thought, until at night love sang soft and low to Venus:

To Venus:

Tune: "Henry has gone to the wars."

All my joys, with my lover, are gone;
His absence has saddened my face,
But I bade him seek fame and begone
To be victor, and first in the race.

I was pleased that so fondly he said
 “ I sail on the Argo for Fame
But, when I return, we will wed
 If thy hand and thy heart I may claim.”

And Neptune has borne him away
 And they say that he ruleth the sea,
Then why should he not, if I pray,
 Return my heart’s treasure to me?

The gardens, the groves and the bowers
 I visit no more to admire;
I care not to gather the flowers,
 For I’ve lost for their love a desire.

I could not be sad, were he here,
 But bird-like would sing in my glee,
For then he would still every fear
 And bring his love-promise to me.

And the promise so truly he gave
 That Jove will keep watch from above
And my hand and my heart he shall have,
 When he comes and he claims me for love.

A perfect calm is irksome; to be awake and conscious is better than dull sleep. The morrow came and went and came again. A bird that would be free and with its mate, would force the wicket-gate or any other cage, and flee away, to aid and build with him a pendant nest in the woods, and there sing to him in love and be content!

The routine before the shrine — the march and countermarch, adorations, prostrations, hymns and vigils, vain and unavailing. Oh, they were a continued dull monotony that more irksome grew; 'twas calm, but such a calm on ocean, no sailor likes; its glassy surface tires the eye, qualms the senses — to be forever so. He would take the risk, and be in storm;

be his own pilot; trust to Neptune, trust to Jupiter and the good ship.

But she, with her fellow nymphs, were promised recreation on the morrow — she to direct the chase, and they the timid deer will hunt; perchance this languor will depart; if not, it may affect the heart, then, then what? Trust to Diana! They sang a hymn to her in worship:—

Chaste Diana! we adore thee
For thy wandering mother's sake
That thy father prised her beauty
And her love didst not forsake —
For Latona's Isle, He careth —
He her memory doth revere
Guard our shrine, Diana dearest,
Grant thy blessing to our prayer.

Chaste Diana we adore thee
In this island-home secure
For scenes serene 'mid quiet sea,
Where all is peaceful, bright and pure,
Let the jealous Juno never —
Nor Venus vain, come ever near,
But let Lavarna steal the quiver
That Cupid's arrows wound not here.

Light of evening, shine upon us!
Let thy crescent feature smile,
Luna in heaven — do not forget us;
Thou art the goddess of our isle.
Let no Paris us discover,
Let no Dido shed a tear,
Let no once forgotten lover
Find the virgins sheltered here.

At its close Eurydice's voice trembled — the air was chill, they would retire. Thoughts of the absent, as of the dead, will show its grief and bring a tear:

she turned aside that others might not see she had a sorrow hidden — a regret. She was but as a bud in a garden of flowers, when Orpheus went to sea, and he, younger than Adonis, as full of promise. In much favor by the princes he was held, and therefore with them joined he the Argo's crew, to gain a name and fame, and aid in the capture of the Golden Fleece; 'twould have been folly to object. 'He will return,' she said, 'but it will not be anon! will it ever be?' Despondingly she sighed, 'Shall we ever meet again!'

The longest vigil endeth, highest mountain hath its summit, the deepest sea its shore: the stars will guide him back again if — if the Fates and Neptune permit — they will! they must! Words rash and unbecoming for a novice. Oh, forgive her! With nervous energy, she exclaimed, 'Jupiter, Great Jupiter, overrule them all, let him return!'

She had attended the Delian festival at Delos at a time when he, Orpheus, was at sea, and was so charmed with its pillared, marble halls and colonnade, its shrine of polished parian, its statues, Latona, Diana and Apollo and other symbols, that call for adoration; its baths, its shade and sunlit walks fit for a Juno-Temple, most beautiful, that sat as a pearl amid the Cyclades, its unstained front reflected in the sea — whose height seemed so near celestial skies from every point, encircled in a sapphire ring — a sacred, silent, cold enchantment, things evil came not near — so calm, so still, so pure. Only at the Delian festival was heard songs of merriment; at other times only at set of sun was heard voices of worshipers that sing and pray — so spiritual that those who came to look or gaze were fain to stay, even tho' unprepared to leave the earth's attractions. Thus lured from the world, her choice of life not fixed — wavering. 'Twas

thus she entered this choicest of Diana's abodes ; mature, domestic minds had won her to remain a novice. 'Her voice,' they said, 'would aid and grace the sacred choir, so innocent so pleading ;' thus, their flattery aided to accomplish. Then Orpheus in her thoughts was not — so long at sea — 'he must be lost !' She would remember him with others, when at times, at prayer (if in her heart, kept secret, it will not meet with censure). Then with voice suppress'd she sighed and sang a regret :—

A CONFESSION.

Tune: "So fine this morning early."

"Oh! who can cheer the lonely?
 He comes not, and I wait in vain
 For his voice and words, that kindly
 Hath kindled this fond, anxious, pain.
 Delights, that seen but with Him
 Are treasured joys that still remain
 As, when we sang our evening hymn
 At Diana's sacred fane.

There was no eye so cheery,
 No step so buoyant in the grove,
 His smile beamed on me dearly
 With words so full of joy and love —
 But I dare not now avow it,
 For that would shame Diana's train,
 And my vow would not allow it —
 Ah me! could we but meet again
 Then — tho' I might my love repent,
 I would confess and die content.

Pleading to Venus, she leant upon her statue.
 Hear my whisper, Venus — when,
 When will my lover come again.
 Never have I loved another,
 Only Him — I have none other.

Thou with Cupid when at play
 Was it sinful, say, I pray
 To heed his song, to praise the lay
 And sigh, as I, now he's away.
 Shall we! shall we ever meet again?

Insisting did he snatch a kiss,
 Didst feign him nay — with soft resist
 The flush upon thy cheeks relate
 Consent, that he might captivate —
 So I, the day he sailed away,
 Parted with him on the quay,
 Then he — caress'd me as a child
 With heart's consent beguiled.
 Shall we! shall we ever meet again?

It was a ruddy-featured boy
 That caused Latona's double joy,
 Babes that nestled at her breast
 Apollo with Diana — blest —
 Her prayer was heard by the Supreme,
 Lend — lend thy aid, we pray to him,
 He can forbid and he allow
 He alone annul my vow.
 Shall we! shall we ever meet again?

Do but grant these only wishes;
 I'll repay thee with caresses.
 Promise me when on Olympus,
 Thou wilt bid the Gods to bless us.
 Let me not forever weep
 As tho' he lay 'neath ocean deep.
 My love, my secret wishes keep,
 Let me kiss him in my sleep.
 If! If we cannot meet again!

“ Let him the billows safely cross and guide him to Delos; of him I dream, for him I weep, hear his voice and kiss him in my sleep. He'll come! He'll come! I know he'll come, and the Argo will return! ” She

believes the purport of her prayer — no more forlorn.
Oh, joyous hope! now the weary time flies by —
beauty smiles again, the lengthened face is more
rotund.

Buds blossom and decay, their bright leaves fade
away, so doth a maiden's sigh; she is now merry with
Diana's nymphs, preparing for the chase, singing of :—

“ HUNTING THE DEER.”

Nymphs of Diana, haste and away
To join the chase at break of day.
The horn will echo, hounds appear
On mountain range to start the deer.
Ye O! we call! Ye O, steady!

Alert was he, at bay of hound,
And swiftly sped he o'er the ground.
The doe, o'er mountain 'scaped away,
The stag had lead the hounds astray.
Ye O! we call! Ye O, steady!

So startled were they, as he went,
No speeding arrow had been sent —
No pouch of game, but 'bide the loss
We'll yet make merry, at Delos.
Ye O! we call! Ye O, steady!

He swam the lake, and fled away,
And foiled were they — he won the day —
As if defying them to take
His antlers, wave, above the lake.
Ye O! we call! Ye O, steady!

The hounds return, with panting breath;
The lake was deep, to sink was death.
Diana's troop, with buskin'd feet,
Had, all with dew, their jerkets wet.
We sigh, heigh-ho! ye O; heigh O!

The youth is now a man. The weary time at length is past for the Argo's crew. They have returned and there is great joy at Athens, and the faithful dames and maidens fair are there, and met them at the landing with many a caress. Eurydice was absent and Orpheus was sad, but when the truth was told his joy returned and he is safe in port. He knew the retreats of the deer and the resort of the fair hunters— their grounds and woods; for these (for them) had been by special use and law provided. Delos was but a few leagues or so away. Orpheus would fain have sought permission, it would not have been denied, but he rather chose to wander to its mountain heights without, and at leisure view the scenery and towers of Delos.

But what knew Eurydice of the Argo and its return? Oh, it was night, that from her dormitory she by the stars' light saw the Argo pass, returning to Athens, and a bird, her heart, fluttered in its cage. 'Tis he! 'tis he!' she exclaimed, 'I know the pennant that I made for Jason' (his dear friend).

They passed as near the sacred isle as permission gave. Orpheus flush'd his kerchief toward the beacon-light; he knew not who kept vigil. The sailors were joyous, singing hymns to Neptune, that all sailors sing, as in safety they return.

When it passed and her eyes its sails no more could see—as a child that knew its mother near, she closed her eyes and slept and had a happy dream of him—that they would meet again.

Orpheus had met with many greetings, and of absent friends had been apprised, and mindful of them he chose at times to climb the mountain heights to better view the constellations, taught by Urania, and note their fixity— perceive the earth move and the

subordinate moon follow. But such a constellation as Diana's nymphs returning from the chase he never among the stars so much of beauty saw. They saw him, but did not fly, but nearer many paces came, to better hear the harp and song. He sang to Venus Urania. They knew the air but not the words — they listened as he sang :—

TO A STAR.

Tune: "Isle of beauty."

Stella beauty, far above me,
Brilliant orb! within the blue.
Frown not, if an earthly beauty
Dares eclipse thy distant view.
Venus Urania! bright thou art
The eye to cheer, but not the heart.
She comes this way, with hound and horn,
Thou barest no comparison.
Phoebus but shines upon Diana
Coldly — unlike loves glow in man!
The tired nymphs were on their way
To the stony cove, the little bay,
When he accosted her, who lead,
That caused a halt, and gently said:
Fair star of day — hie not away.
Let not a shrine immure thee!
Her fellow nymphs said, timidly,
He speaks to thee, Eurydice.
Her name he now might mention
She expectant — all attention —
Then as they awaited, he ejaculated:
"Illume this sphere — on earth, be dear
Am I not thine — Eurydice!"
Startled, in blush of love she said:
"Orpheus, thy name and fame is known,
Thy songs — I sing — when I'm alone —
Dost thou sincerely proffer love
And plead with me its truth to prove."
And he, without delay, replied,

I do — I love! I woo thee — stay.
I will protect — abide with me.
To Athens let us haste away,
And thou shalt name thy bridal day!
He paused — and she was silent now,
Thinking of her novice vow.
Then said — my home, I leave, for thine
To thee betroth this heart of mine —
(Chaste Delia at Apollo's side
Would happier be were she a bride).
Happy are we, when we are loved;
Woman's heart with love is moved,
But sadder creature never breathed
Deceived by man she once believed.
Clasped were their hands, he kissed her face,
A pledge, responsive, fond embrace —
Then, bade her tell him of the chase,
And when and where the deer had ran.
And she, with rosy blush, began
Her story of the hunt.
“ We early sought the woodland shore
With our light barge
And row'd along with muffled oar
To obey our charge.
We landed at the stony cove,
With muzzled dogs in silence move;
Then to the mountains sped along
To circumvent the deer.
They were elate, as warned by fate
And tremulous with fear.
There were but two — they came to drink,
Apparently, together.
He led the hounds to the water's brink;
They quite neglected her.
He seemed to stand as undismayed
When she made her escape.
For then, erect his antlers waved
With confidence elate,
And like a valiant man he stood,
Cared not for barkings hollow,
But walked into the foaming flood

And dared the dogs to follow.
And in they ran, and swam and leap'd
Much in each other's way
Breathless his challenge to accept;
But they lost, he won the day.
He drowned the foremost with his horns,
And broke another's leg.
Now she, I hope, is with her fauns
Afar from any dread!
Their splash and splurge, we dared not follow.
Then, as we came along,
We heard — they, thought it was Apollo
When we heard thy song.
Sang to a queen above our sphere
An imaginary, she —
Then to myself I said, more dear
I could, I * * * I do, love thee!"
And, had he never loved till now.
He felt the twang of Cupid's bow
And fondly, said:
" Dearest, thy maids are in alarm;
They call, they wind their hunting horn
The chase is o'er — bid them depart
And tell that thou hast snared a hart —
Now fear not — pledged to leave Delos
Diana will forgive her loss."
Then, as she unclasped her hound
That lap'd her feet upon the ground
Whined, and would have follow'd,
But she forbade, and it obeyed.
And bounded to its fellows.
One sobbing sylph — unlike the rest
Clung to her neck and was caress'd
Their parting kiss had much of pain
As those who ne'er would meet again.
Farewell she said to those on shore,
And lead Diana's train no more.
Then gayly through the woods they wend
To her bridal-mother-friend Penelope

Diana's nymphs, tho' delayed by man's voice—tho' environed and forbidden, found that his was far from harsh, 'twas joyous, 'twas agreeable—that they did linger and backward look; it check'd some merry voices, and Nature, thawing, made them sigh and would they were, Eurydice.

Time would not halt; they must away, impatient they became, 'twas day. To the shrine, they must re-cross the Ægean to Delos. Some, to the Barge, in trepidation ran, to return without Eurydice.

The Preceptress was offended, indignant was, and frowned upon them all, and numerous inquiries made, and punishment to him who e'er it was, essayed, for this sacrilegious raid.

Eurydice, at Athens, was fondly received by her former companions, 'tho some, ominously shook their heads, trouble foreboding, wondering what would be the outcome, of this, before unheard of flight, and desecration of Diana's shrine.

What would the aged priestess and preceptors do, to punish her. Never were the timid and superstitious so alarmed; those of questionable age, who never had been tempted, were shock'd, for so they said—again and again!

The Archon of Delos was prompt to follow, and to punish the violators of Religion, and its sanctity maintain, and thus it came about, for He, with numerous assistants, with their staves of office, proceeded to the Piræus in force, where lay at anchor the good ship Argo, and Jason answer'd to the hail of the Archon's pompous call, 'What would thou, of the captain or crew of the Argo?' To which he made reply—'We seek one Orpheus, to presently and promptly make answer to the preceptors of Delos, who, by them, is charged with sacrilege—of violation

and piracy in carrying away one of the novices of the Shrine of Diana, from where they were in the state grounds (as is their custom) hunting.' The crew were instantly on deck, as tho' a squad was in the offing — and Orpheus was foremost of them all, and promptly made an answer. 'There is but a moiety of truth in thy accusations; therefore I, Orpheus, the several charges therein set forth, deny, and will submit only to be heard before Athena's Judges, in the highest court.' 'Thou shalt be heard therein,' was the response of the Archon. 'But who is here will pledge for thy appearance.' Upon which the voice of one rang out, 'Jason, of the 'Argo.' And the Archon said: 'It is sufficient. I will so note it down, and so announce,' adding 'The officials of Delos will lay their charges home, which, if proven, remember, the penalty is Banishment or Death!' The sailors, in derision, laughed, Ha, Ha, a ha, ha! and the Archon and his aids returned to Athens without a prisoner.

The time was named, that on the third day following, at early dawn, Orpheus should appear and answer make in open court, before the Areopagites.

There were but few, who knew of her retreat, the secret was imposed, and kept; its necessity was evident. Penelope sheltered her from danger as fondly as a mother; she had promised to deck her for the marriage, should she gain permission to wed. It was noised about, on every tongue, 'Is she in hiding?' 'what has become of her?' 'He must produce her!'

And now, all Athens was astir. The day and hour arrived, a press of people, wending their way up Mars Hill to hear the charges laid. The many believed that sacrilege had been committed; they clamor'd of Diana — of broken vows, of chastity and punishment.

TRIAL OF ORPHEUS BEFORE THE AREOPAGITES.

The Judges were assembled around a broad circle, on their stone benches seated, in stately vestments tog'd, their forms and faces mark'd with age and wisdom. Such that silence doth command.

A hum of voices at the great entrance announced the arrival of the accusers from Delos, and other witnesses — novices and preceptors, in their sacristan garments robed. They bore calamitous expressions on their stern faces; they entered, and with their scribes and Archon, stood forth, whereupon the Judges from their seats arose, and paid them deference, as representatives of the Shrine of Diana — and again were seated.

Another, louder hum of voices then arose, and Jason and his swarthy crew jostled through the crowd, but not till they had entered did they doff their caps. And Jason and Orpheus stood conspicuous before the court. The gap in the crowd was closed. The spacious temple could contain no more. The young and old alike, pressing to be nearest, to note and hear and see the participants. The Auditorium, at its center, was occupied by Minerva's statue (said to have been cloven from out the brain of Jupiter). She, of Justice and Wisdom symbolic.

The Judge, who wore the chaplets of the Law, arose, and acclaimed in formal solemnity, as tho' addressing Minerva's self:

"Thou, who art reverenced by the states, and all the Hellenes, wheresoe'er they dwell, and by whose wisdom we preside, we invoke thy aid. Do thou upon the deliberations of thy servants direct and guide us to a just decision, from the evidence to be adduced. That we, the sacredness of the laws hereby involved,

may honor and maintain. To hear the charges, to explain and define the Law. Likewise, to hear the defense. The pleas, excuses or reasons that may be advanced and offered to remove the obloquy—namely, the charge of sacrilege.

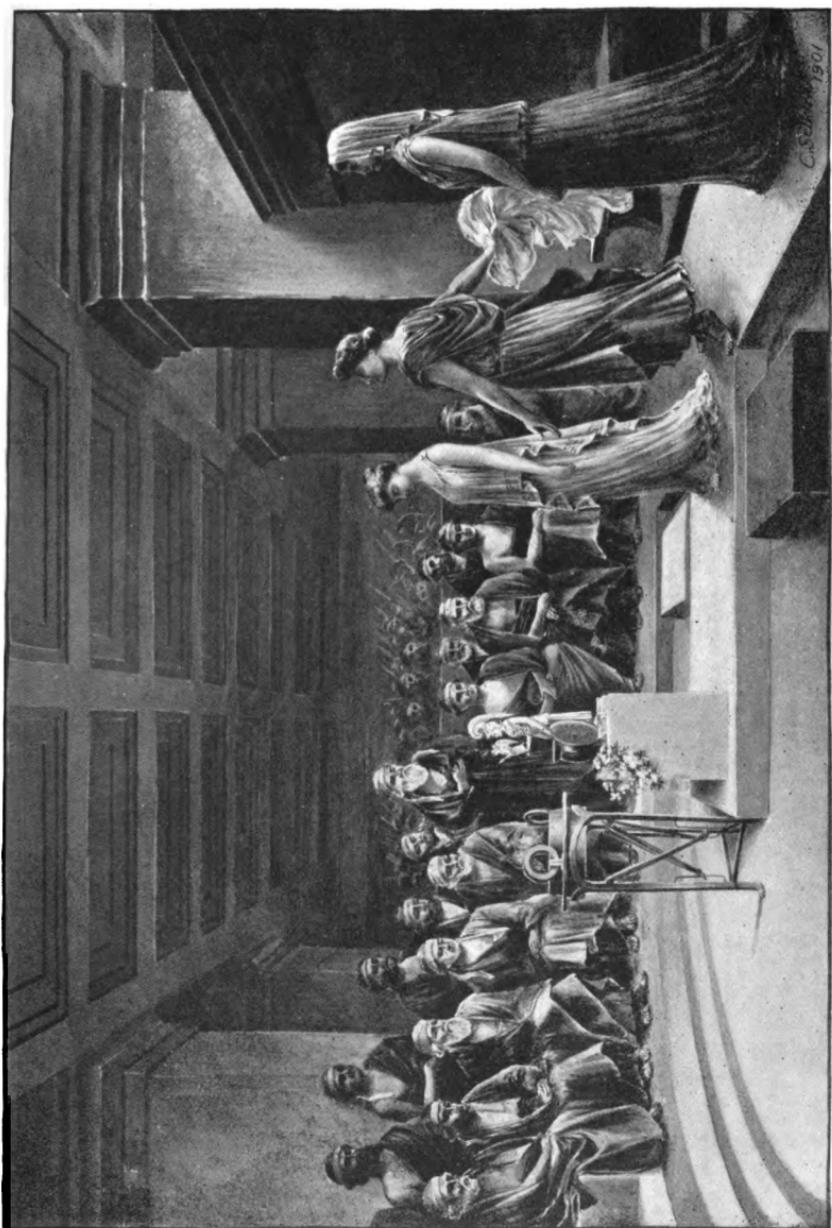
“‘The desecration of the Temple and Shrine of Diana,’ that has been (according to report) so strangely violated in the capture and detention of a Novice of Her Shrine — a most serious charge! The accusers may proceed.” Whereupon a Priestess of Delos read aloud the charges inscribed upon her parchment-roll, saying, “Reverend Judges, and in Minerva’s presence, we affirm, as guardians of sanctity and religion: By the most ancient laws of Greece, established at our Island Shrine of Latona, dedicated by the will of Jupiter to Apollo and Diana, where wisdom, and Religion, health and recreation are dispensed and practised, and Virtue held most sacred — Diana be it known, being acknowledged patron and ‘Goddess of the Chase.’ The state hath set apart grounds for her Nymphs, only — where man, except by great favor is permitted not, so sacred is it held, undisturbed by intrusion of the lude, and rude, world. We proclaim its sanctity has been violated. We charge, that upon a certain night, for it was not yet day, the accused * * *.” The Judge arose and said: ‘Let the accused stand forth,’ and Orpheus, with manly stride, nearer to the symbol of Minerva came, and the matron proceeded. ‘That upon the day, as charged, just as Aurora lit the mountain tops, and the Nymphs were returning, tired from the chase, he Orpheus with evil intent, was within the sacred inclosure — did intercept and detain, with music, voice and song — and did, with such persuasive and seducing words and promises, take from the affrighted group, Eurydice,

who was, and is, a Novitiate of Diana's Sacred Shrine, therein law and religion scorning. He hath, in defiance of law, Piracy and Sacrilege committed. Therefore, we are in shame before Minerva's Judges, and pray, ask and demand that he be adjudged guilty, and such punishment as the enormity of the offense demands, be meted out upon his head and fortune!"

The matron's voice had reached so high a pitch she was compelled to close the harangue.

The Judge hereupon remarked. "The accusations have been laid — appear complete. The novice being present, let her be unveiled. Penelope, from a screen, led the maiden to Orpheus' side, where he, with bold and sudden twitch (without an hinderance) threw her peplos off, and the gaze of a thousand eyes were upon her. The judges and all, breathless were, a while, in admiration, gazing — Penelope had adorned her person for the ordeal.

Her long seclusion from the sun's rays had made her very fair; at length the Judge the silence broke, saying, 'Is this the novice?' The preceptress made response — 'It is!' Then (as before some idol) Eurydice bent the knee, and to Orpheus' face looked up; their eyes met, and he, as much as he did dare, caressed her with hand upon her forehead. She in confidence arose, and leant upon his arm. Penelope came to her relief saying, 'I am to be her Thal-ame-polos; in my charge he did leave her.' Orpheus stept aside as the Judge continued, saying 'Is she further recognized,' and many nodded their reply to her identity. Then, addressing the preceptress, he queried — 'The novices of Delos are of various ages — what is a novitiate's full term, e're the final vow is taken, and they are seen no more by man?' To which she made reply, 'The years are five.' 'Was her name, with



ORPHEUS' ELOPEMENT — TRIAL BEFORE THE JUDGES FOR SACRILEGE — PRODUCES EURYDICE — A NYMPH OF DIANA'S SHRINE.

(By Charles Sekirk. Artist. Albany, N. Y.)

her consent, inscribed upon the record?' and the reply followed, 'It has been done.' The matron spoke no more.

There was a pause, until the Judge exclaimed, 'The evidence against the accused is complete—let him now make answer!'

Then Orpheus, with slight tremor, confronting Minerva's Image (the symbol of Justice), said: 'Reverend judges, sacred to me has ever been the Laws of Athena—full confidence have I in the wisdom and decisions of the Areopagus—diplomats from distant lands, quote, and take record thereof, noting their import, and are pleased to adopt such as are passed upon by This Tribunal. Here truth and equity are justly defined—such as relate to property, priority of claims, sacredness of promises (such as are moral, within the law). Those, I affirm, I have not broken. Promises, in good faith received, cannot be broken except by mutual consent!—they are as sacred as religion; for such Religion doth teach and inculcate. The Law doth justly provide rewards for the worthy, who keep their fealty! The barbarian doth honor those who keep inviolate their promises; punishment is only rendered to those who faithless prove.

Thou wilt, therefore, regardless of the favor of the opulent, or power of officials, of shrines or Temples, concede them only such consideration as justice and The Laws direct, and, tho' they be in numbers present, and clamor much, and I be alone in seeming opposition, so pass upon Orpheus, to whom permission has been given to address the court, to speak, and his cause and claim present—I have no fear, by thy decisions, by thy fiat, will I abide.

"Honors, at Athens, are conceded to the aged; for their wisdom, the aged and sedate receive our rever-

ence. They have passed passion's violence, and youthful bounds of folly; but Joy, in excess, Great Jupiter in Nature, put in possession of the young, for them. Love's buds unfold — the birds couple, build their nests — creatures then select their mates, 'tis Nature's development of Love. I was not an exception — I as the birds in youth sang; she to whom I sang, with some delight, listened. Each beauteous bud opens its bosom, when Aurora lights Loves garden, and responds with perfume — its vernal tints take deeper hues, that doth reflect its joy thereat, and we behold; such joy I partook of, for more was promised when the flower should its full bosom open. The stately stepping steed will, as it bounds at liberty, arrest its speed, and whinner for its mate. If such is Nature in the lower creatures, who will assert that to man it has been denied? Judges finite, the Infinite in Nature gave each creature Love's desires. In youth I sang in the sacred Choir, and Nature did attract to me one Doric Maid; we sang in unison together. She did perceive, and fearless came to me and I to her, again and again, implicitly. We did select love-tokens, from the buds of Flora that did speak our passion, and gave replies, and thus did Cupid our loves and thoughts exchange; the flame admitted was, and became a sacred contract."

"Treaties with Nations, by Athena's judges, are ever sacred held. In Venus' courts, the promises of Love are not less sacred. On the voyage of the Argo there were other youths pledged to similar loved ones who, upon return, have fulfilled their obligations! Wherefore should not I, in all honor, my promise, my pledged word, redeem; unjust it would have been had I not made the attempt. I have but taken that which was mine own — willingly, mine only.



ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.
(By permission of D. McKay, Philadelphia, Pa.)

"Upon my return, my pledge, to her at sight, was due. Diana's claim contains proviso in abeyance, binding only at close of her novitiate. Note the time, stated by the Advocate, my claim precedence therefore takes, and cannot be denied.

She was sought by the sacred singers of Delos—for religious and reserve her deportment has ever been; she obeyed their behest during long absence; she was a gentle Sibyl with tripod and its fires; she kept the flame of Love alive to give it back to him who first did kindle it, if he should come again." Eurydice, who had drunk in every word, suddenly, and with nervous fervor (that startled the very judges) said: 'Dear sisterhood! Had he not returned, I would have remained with thee forever!' The matron averted her face—she was repulsed. And Orpheus continued: 'For her care, protection, her health, happiness and sustenance, prepared am I to recompense the providers of Delos; it is within the compass of my ability,' and Orpheus drew her to his side, where her head upon his bosom fell.

"Success to Love! Success to Love!" now the fickle multitude cried out. In vain the Archon waved his mace, silence to command. And many affirmative nods, and exchanged glances, from the now animated faces of the judges, was seen; and all about voices rang out—'For Orpheus! for Orpheus!' was shouted.

The Judge arose and said, addressing Diana's advocate: 'Thou art at liberty to respond,' but she, with haughty voice, replied, 'After this rude demonstration, it would be folly.' Jason a well-filled pouch displayed, hanging from his belt, apparently to meet the exigence, should it be needed.

Then it was the court became of one accord, for

he who appeared to speak for all, read from the Table of the Law, saying as he read: ‘There is no prohibition from entering the state grounds of Athens. Love is not prohibited therein, if it lead to marriage, and the flame be mutual. Promises, tho’ unwritten, are binding; cannot be set aside by subsequent agreement with another, except by mutual consent of the originals so bound. The term of the maiden’s novitiate, being incomplete she was at liberty to abandon her sacred studies and return to her friends, or she could have been dismissed for sufficient cause. Her friends are not obligated to repay for the care bestowed—it is considered a gratuity; but, still, they may remunerate the preceptors of the shrine, if they are generous and wise. We find no violation of Diana’s shrine has been proven, that can sacrilege be called. No violence was used in the capture; for it doth appear he did not carry away this fair novice to his ship, as a pirate might have done. It appears he was content to be led by her, through a circuitous path to the abode of her friend, Penelope, where later, doubtless, Hymen will cement their loves and happiness. There being no dissent, it is so decreed. The charges and complaint of the worthy matron have not been sustained. No law by Orpheus has been either broken or defied, therefore, no penalty is imposed. The representatives of Delos will accept such recompense that Orpheus or his friends may proffer; the scribe of the court will aid in its adjustment.’

The judges arose and slowly retired in small groups, with many a chuckle, apparently contented with the hearing and decisions; some even rubbed their hands with glee, as pleased they were, e’en the stern matron smiled as tho’ she could forgive.

Now, her timid fellow friends could not be re-

strained; they crowded towards Eurydice to congratulate, and many did insist to kiss her. Penelope led her forth, and as they retraced their steps down Ares Hill, and through the garden walks departed, their gar-rulous tongues and merry laughter brightened all the flowers. A poor wilted one was she, for tho' grown to womanly estate, they had to lead her, so overcome she was with their kindly love. They had, with roses, made an Arch of Triumph at the door, that later Orpheus entered when they were gone. They likewise fed the Doves, intended as sacrificial offering to Diana — that she might leave her train, and wed.

Beneath a floral wreath they sat her, and danced and sang The Epi-thal-a-mi-um.

A MARRIAGE IDYL.

Diana, dear! it doth appear
That one in love is here;
She is both plighted and content
But waiting thy consent
To leave thy train, permission gain,
To wed with him she loves.
Her offering brings, with pinion'd wings,
Two sacrificial doves;
And now, never — not for a man
Will she break her vow again.
Dance maidens, dance, for she must win,
The Epi-thal-a-mi-um!

Let us beg the aid of Juno — now, maidens!
“Queen Juno, dear, send Iris here,
Thy messenger of cheer —
Let all the Gods know this above
That this is a plea of love;
They'll intercede, we do believe,
With Diana of Delos;
Man was to blame — to blame, of course,
For chaste Diana's loss,



OFFERING DOVES TO DIANA FOR CONSENT TO MARRY.

But now, never — not for a man,
Will she break her vow again.

Dance maidens, dance, for she must win,
The Epi-thal-a-mi-um!

We'll appeal to the Goddess of love —
Venus, indeed! did Cupid lead,
With his bow and arrow,
And alack-a-day! hearts, beat in love
With quite a bosom throb
What could she do, he came to woo
And she believed him true —
Man was to blame, and love, of course,
That caused Diana's loss.
But now, never, not for a man
Will she break her vow again.

Dance maidens, dance, Venus must win
The Epi-thal-a-mi-um!



APOLO AND THE MUSES (ROMANO).

Around they danced, they sang and kissed, until
she begged them to desist. The merry creatures did
essay to make it Love's own Gala-day!

Once more! O, let us beg of Fate to be gracious —
now maidens!

"To pay her debt, may they beget
A little Dryade — or — Oreade,
Then she, might join Diana's train

To make amends — it may be
 He never more will tantalize
 Or poach, or capture by surprise
 With his alluring lover-voice,
 Now Fate has fix'd his choice:
 Man was to blame, and fate, of course,
 For chaste Diana's loss.
 But now, never, not for a man,
 Will she break her vow again.

Dance maidens, dance, for she must win,
 The Epi-thal-a-mi-um!

Desist, desist, she cried again; whene'er I hear of
 fate or death, I tremble, shrink and faint thereat.
 'Tis well, Fate's Fiat we cannot know,
 To cause us mortals fret and woe!

"But see, Penelope beckons us within. Come!
 Thanks for thy joyous song, and wishes kind, may
 they all prove true. Come to the Feast!"

They ran and skip'd, with nimble feet, and left
 the flowery Bower behind. Faithful Penelope never
 had so many happy guests before.

JASON'S BANQUET.

And Orpheus and his friends at night were jovial
 on the Argo, as Jason spread his sailor Banquet, to
 which more than one of the judges found their way,
 and Momus and Comus, full of fun, rattled off their
 wit at Orpheus' expense, and Tipphis repeated his
 banter with a nymph in the garden after the trial.
 'Tip' strutted in character, and said 'I was singing a
 solo,' and they formed a ring to listen, it turned to be
 a duet. I sang

THE DUET IN THE GARDEN.

Oh, who would not rise to the Gods?
 They dwell not on earth, but in heaven.
 They taste of the sweets that delight
 That never to mortals are given.
 The Goddesses there WE shall meet
 And sip their Ambrosia and Nectar,
 And loll in their shady retreat,
 Just acting as beauty inspector.
 What secrets of bliss they would teach,
 And sing on Olympus their mirth —
 And Juno — a Venus, give each
 Far-away, from the dowdies of earth
 The slatterns and dowdies of earth.

The maidens laughed Te-e, Te-e, Ha-ha and Te-e,
 and a Vixen Dared reply — with

True! who would not fly to the Gods?
 They dwell not on earth, but in heaven.
 They would give US all perfumes and sweets
 Such as man for devouring are given.
 We'll invite mother Juno to meet us
 With Narcissus and Paris, to greet us,
 And with such as Adonis, by dozens,
 We'll take them for lovers and cousins;
 And Venus, we know, she will plan
 For us a better selection than man,
 For they will be constant and true.
 And Hymen with love bid adieu.
 And we do! as we've a-mind to!
 So now — there! conceited bear!

They clap'd their hands and laughed inordinately.
 Jason said, 'tell us all about it — what didst thou do,
 Tiphys?' And 'Tip' replied, 'I made my escape;
 I'm here!' A jolly judge (one well-versed in Cupid's
 wiles) remarked, 'She'll not refuse thee. But before

Hymen ties the knot, have all superfluous hair from thy head removed, and see that her nails are pared.' And Tiphys joined in the laugh. Epicurus robbed the larder for the feast. Jason told how, in passing the Isles of the Sirens, 'Ulysses determined a fishing to go, and had he not tied a Gordian knot around him with a hawser, one sailor less would be found among the crew.' To which a sober judge replied: 'It was well thou hadst the hawser!' and the loaded table shook, and the laugh went round. Tiphys sang his songs, and the boisterous chorus rang, for Tiletus tap'd a vintage load of bottles, ere the merriment was closed. Each took his part, in the Symposiac, round * * *. And the disturbed city of the day resumed its quiet; many snooded. Maidens, great tears let fall, as they looked upon Eurydice, as Orpheus told his love. The married too,—as tho' Eurydice was on trial, whereas, she had not been disturbed by any one — she had been as a guest at the home of Penelope." (In repeating the incidents, Plato remarked, 'So ran the record of the court, and modern Law has not reversed Love's obligations.') X

"Orpheus was a Prince. The Argo's crew were princes. By those who knew him, he was much beloved. They said of him, 'His soul breathes in his songs.' With him there was but one choice between True Love and meritless conceited wealth, that Plato did express, thus saying, 'Her wealth was in her self, possessions she had none.'

LOVE OVER WEALTH, SUPREME.

The influential, I opine,
May take a novice from a shrine,
And censures frown may oft escape,
If they a weighty present make.
When done — remonstrance, there is none —

Athena's judges did maintain
 That Orpheus had a prior claim —
 The law imposed no penalty —
 Their love was not impiety.
 He, in gold or gems, was one
 Would yield them up what e'er the sum
 For her alone for that loved one —
 Give all of earthly store or cost
 And never count such dross a loss.

“ Her gentle, unassuming tact will lead; he will follow, love her, in song or sorrow, and she, adore him evermore. Alas! It was too intense! Then, it was fatal, but now, it is immortal.” 

A LAMENT FOR THE DISAPPOINTED.

Brief are the joys of earth;
 They do not satisfy,
 So fleeting is the mirth,
 So frequent is the sigh —
 The dawn of day was bright
 But torches lit the night,
 For ere the wedding day set in
 She died for love of him!

“ Love is indestructible; confound it not with other passions. Love is Jupiter's primal trait, endowed on mortals, never to be withdrawn — its full measure is not here, its fruition is (perforce) hereafter; 'twill make amends for disappointments, past, in continuous overflow — good souls! in this assurance, be of good cheer!



“ Discordant creatures there are, that roar, snarl and tear, with carnivorous teeth-envying; they spring from the jungle, creep from their lair in ambush, waiting, the innocent to entrap, and fatal is their venom.

The Poets say, that by sting of serpent, died Eurydice. Sting of serpent is but a figure of speech for natural death. Death is a supposed enemy; we do not desire to die, we would live forever. Fellow students, we so understand it.” At which there was a murmur of dissent at the words ‘figure of speech;’ it came from the Orthodox in sanctimonious garb—representatives of Gods innumerable. They were there, seeking pretexts for censure.

The students, to applaud began, but Socrates presiding, with gavel’s call, suppressed the applause.

Such was explanatory—the preface to much of Plato’s lecture. The serenity of his mind was undisturbed, and he continued. “Orpheus had returned with the victorious Argonauts in time to enter the lists, and strive for the prizes at the Olympic games. By general consent, at Athens, he had been selected to relate the adventures of the Argo, and the ship dedicated to Neptune, Father of waters—Ocean’s God!”

“There he, extempore orating, melting, thrilling and intoning with his voice and harp, sang the exploits and perils of the voyage. The escapes from Boreas’ breezes, flash and crash of storm, battles with the billows and the clouds, that threatened to engulf. Hidden rocks and whirling pools, with songs of sirens met with on the way; furies numerous, and Gorgons in disguise. But sirens and sea maids their nudity displayed in vain, for when Orpheus sang of Home, Dear Home—with that Hymen Enchantment, they passed the perils and were safe—safe from breakers and wreckers aloof, steering to deeper waters, safely sailing. He sang as tho’ he were a married man, and loved the treasures of his home. As tho’ addressing Great Neptune, he sang:—”

OF HOME, DEAR HOME.

Tune: "The Sicilian Hymn."

Would'st thou know why we wander so far from our home?
Dear place! where so lonely they hope we may come,
Those precious, those fond ones, so link'd to our lot,
Have made its retreat the most hallowed spot.

Home, home! Dear, dear home!

There's Elysium and bliss with our loved ones at home!

'Twas the care of their welfare, the toil of the day,
That called us, reluctant, from loved ones away.
But oh for its harbor, its shelter from storm,
Where care is excluded, to rest us at home.

Home, home! Dear, dear home!

There's Elysium and bliss with our loved ones at home!

There fond arms are open, our pets, how they cling!
And with kisses they hug us tho' nothing we bring;
Our Fates, we accept them, the burdens to come,
For love of our kindred, so faithful at home!

Home, home! Dear, dear home!

There's Elysium and bliss with our loved ones at home!

In our voyages, so distant, for them do we sigh,
And in dreamings oft see them as tho' they were nigh;
Their sweet voices greet us, they seem within call,
To share our own confidings, the dearest of all!

Home, home! Dear, dear home!

There's Elysium and bliss with our loved ones at home!

We trust we shall see their loved faces again,
In our dwellings contented, all thatched from the rain;
No scene is so tranquil, no cure like its balm,
That in sadness so cheers us as loved ones at home!

Home, home! Dear, dear home!

There's Elysium and bliss with our loved ones at home!

There, sorrows are soothed as Angels above;
There are shared our misfortunes with pity and love,
And a joy to our hearts shall its memories be,
Of the dear ones at home, remember at sea.

Home, Home! Dear, dear home!

There's Elysium and bliss with our loved ones at home!

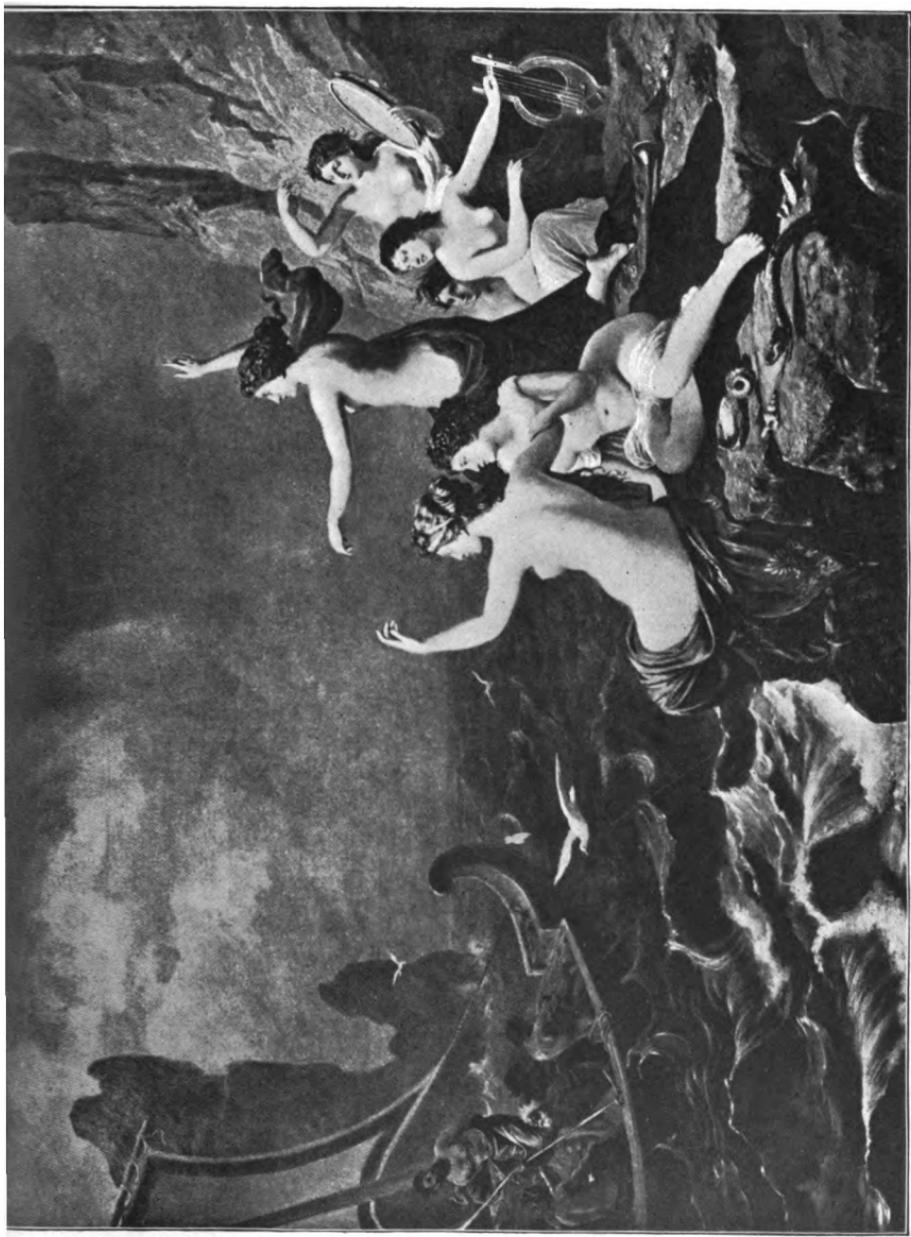
Jason called aloud, ‘Spread all sail.’ At distance mermaids were seen parading in seaweeds, calling ‘Ship, ahoy! Ah, there! and say! I say!’ ‘Epi,’ the cook, took it down among his recipes, that later, I may repeat.

During the singing of Orpheus’ song, the old sailors hid their faces in their broad, rough palms—the ears of all were listening. Some jacket sleeves were wet, that came not from the salt sea, and, when he ceased his singing, they gazed upon him with strange admiration, as tho’ he were a guide, inspired by some blessed spirit, not of this world.

And Hellene’s daughters, classic models, from lowest limb in form to beauties famed accepted curve (in proportions eye complete) were at home, awaiting them. And little groups and bevies (companions of the students) smiled, and listened, conscious of Plato’s sincerity, pleased with themselves and admired the warm reciter. Plato did not marry, and they wondered why; was it from fear that she would die, and he, like Orpheus, mourn for her?

It was the Nation’s greatest holiday. At this Olympiad all the great and petty states of Greece sent forth their delegates and participants. The mentally equipped, the strong of arm, the swift of foot, the equestrian, with his native and Arab steed. The gamester with his dice and tricks, the plausible and the dupe, the simple and the worldly wise. They came, like Egypt’s locusts, or as tho’ they flock’d to the Judgment foretold by the Prophets. Soothsayers and their oracles, snake charmers, money changers, and dealers in precious baubles. Lavarna with her thieves, and Voluna with her drones, who feed on others’ store, that move with the caravan, leaving in their path a blighted trail. Then came the pretentious and the

THE ARGO PASSING THE ENCHANTED ISLANDS.
(Gebbie & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.)



pious, who came on pilgrimage to forgotten shrines — sacred to the antiquated, valueless except for lucre's sake. And the bards and scribes (that falsely tell of wondrous things), and the nondescripts who mock and trade, and set their stands with ingenious relics for the credulous to buy. Then came the vicious, the tattered and the better robed, with their retinue of slaves, filling the roads, the gardens and the groves of Tempe. And among the motley throng, the bacchanal and glutton — keen-eyed adventurers, and wealth with its pageantry and pomp—of either sex—for woman, not as yet, had been prohibited. They saw it all, and were not shock'd, but played their parts and won and lost. Lost, what? Lost the power to blush! They came, as barbarians, a lawless host, but human still. The young were carried and dragged; the aged hobbled, worn and weary, in need of rest and food, and much commiseration. Yet be at the Olympic games they would, tho' never to return. And some (the few), with natures nearer the divine. They came to the Great Drama where Orpheus carried the most honored prize away; remember it was long ago, 'twas told in Homer's day. Then, here stood The Hecatompedon, ere Phideas built the Parthenon. That multitude are dead and gone, their dust unurned, and all but Orpheus and Eurydice forgotten.

“ Sol lit this earthly panorama from sea to isle, from river's brink to mountain top; the valleys and the groves were full of perfume, beauteous land, luxuriance everywhere — marred only by the unwashed!

The Judges — the Areopagites, in robes arrayed — were there; they came at early dawn, and invocations offered to the Gods, the forms observing. Those nearest in silence bow; 'twas to that indifferent host

non-essential the words Great Jupiter approved, they heard them not — no reverence paid.

“ The multitude nearer drew to the barrier stakes around the cordage. The Herald, with trumpet blast, held aloft the lists to follow out the order of the day. The coarser games, tho’ lengthened tediously, were won and lost in noisy clamor — sport and wounds the usual casualties. The previous night had been to thousands sleepless, spent in bacchanalian revel, senseless song, and antic dance, where Terpsichore, with grapey breath, cut fingers never seen before, and the caterers gathered in the harvest. The more gentle, sensitive element were alarmed — took no part. Those from the Morea and Crete, with Jason’s aid, found asylum within the sanctum’s shelter ; they sighed to perceive the degeneracy of man in that assembled horde. The Muse had deserted the Loved Land since the last Olympic gathering — since the Argo sailed for Colchis — so short a time it seemed. The veterans and sedate, the wise and virtuous, were at bay — were dumb ; they would they had not come. They came to hear Orpheus orate, and tell of the battles of the Argo — see the games, and observe and worship at the statue of Olympian Jupiter, with its costly inwrought gold and gems. They would be safe, the discreet replied, and together congregate near the Judges’ elevated stand, where strictest order is maintained, and would, as early as discretion warrant, to their homes return ; ’twas thus resolved. This is no place for Eurydice, the betrothed, or the matrons and maidens who had ventured there, crowded and jostled in this maelstrom of humanity’s remnants — not all such, believe it not, the worthy and the valiant were there, mingled in the whirl and surge, with its Babel-clack of tongues, its scenes obscene, and law-

less enormities. Oh, for a Lycurgus or a Draco, to hold in check this liberty abused! But what will not Orpheus' music do! He had returned—had he not still'd the storms of the Euxine, opened wide the Danube's mouths, and untamed man and beast driven to their lair, croaking and conquered?

“ Tradition, from its mystic volume, obscurely tells the Tale in varied phase; compared herewith we fail to find comparison in any lyric song or tragedy—a morn, so happy-bright as That Olympic day, or so sad, so sorrowful an ending.

“ Manly Orpheus! his mind at ease, appareled in his best, entered the Arena, and sang his psalm to Jupiter. Its rendition was inimitable, and in form, began by asking guidance of the Muses and favor on the multitude, and sang to Jupiter devoutly.

PSALM TO JUPITER.

Tune: “ My Country 'tis of Thee.”

With joyful heart and hand we praise our native land;
Loyal to her!

Her mountain lands are free, our valleys to the sea
Now render praise to thee — great Jupiter!

Athens, our Capital, our voices shall extol,
Join the applause!
The Areopagus meet and adopt— discuss
Commerce and happiness and righteous laws.

Olympians Jupiter! false gods shall not deter
One worshiper!
To Thee our prayers we raise, worship and give Thee praise,
For these our happy days — great Jupiter!

This nation's natal day, we all Thy gifts display,
Awards to her!
Our shouts and happiness, our thankful heart's express;
Us Thou did'st ever bless — great Jupiter!

Father! continue us, in thy remembrance;
Let naught deter.
'Tho we have wandered far, we all Thy children are,
Now bless us evermore—great Jupiter!

The illiterate and wise alike praised, felt its force and application. Poets and orators listened and were amazed, wishing themselves such as he.

Sages tell us that should he ever come from Heaven again he will be offered as a sacrifice—for evils done by others—to appease the offended Gods. Is it possible? Can we be so base to slay him should he come?

All will be well, soliloquized Penelope the faithful, and Media (Jason's wife) acquiesced. They supervised the little circle in their charge.

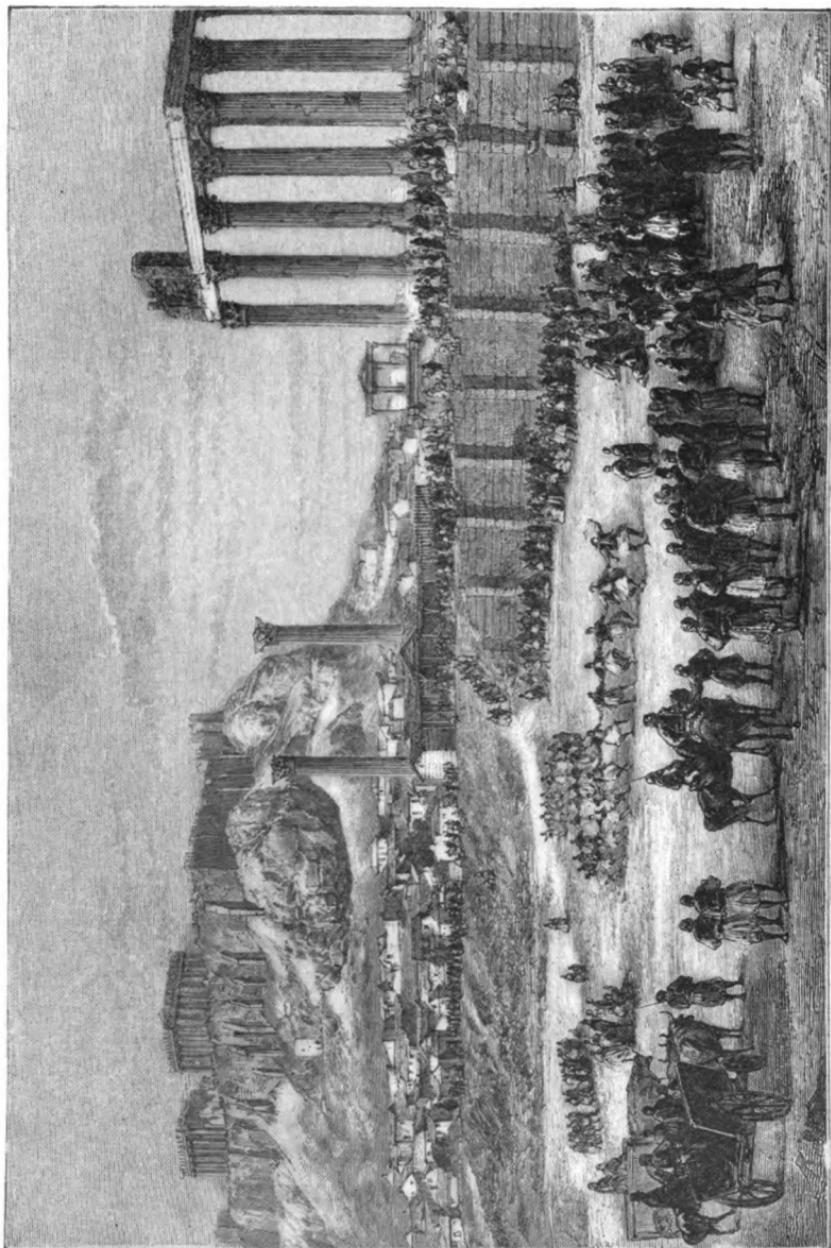
THE OLYMPIC ARENA.

Orpheus, like a second Hercules, stood forth, in form erect as Apollo's representative and music's lord. Then, from deafening clang from Pan, with all his band, in medleys bray, in mimicry grotesque beat their gongs and blew their brazen-throated trumps: and for a while hoarse throats were closed and Orpheus' theme was heralded aloud, and hushed was all the clamor. His renown was widely known, from Macedon to mighty Bablyon, from Sicily to Salem—"The Young Apollo." The theme was then announced: "The Argonauts' Return; Adventures and Heroes of the Argo." Like unto Hercules of great renown, he in fluency of speech gave record of the glorious voyage, even as his great progenitor who brought the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides, and the hundred-headed dragon slew

Temple of Jupiter.

ATHENS — GRECIAN FESTIVAL.

Parthenon.



that stood on guard — even as he, the Argonauts, stormed the Forts of Colchis, battled and won, with Media's aid, the stolen Golden fleece. And Jason, he avowed, deserved the largest salvage; and rough Jason smiled upon Media at his side, and other delicate cheeks were rippled as Media blushed.

Orpheus in clearest tones, that were intoned and heard afar, recapitulates the incidents — the miracles, the moats, the walls and gates o'erthrown in planting their banner on the citadel. Aloft he held the symbol of the Grecian states, that had waved defiance to the world. There was a pause, for Jason from the Judges' stand proclaimed aloud, "Neptune, great Ocean's king, the Argo we dedicate to thee," and again the trumpet blared aloid, mid shouts of "Great Captain! great ship!" The log and record of the voyage were recorded at the Parthenon at divine Athena's shrine. And Orpheus resumed and drew comparisons of valor with the renowned of Mar's heroes — Codrus, Theseus and Achilles — with Jason the daring — the hero of the Argo. Then the valor of the crew and the incentives that led the way to victory (facts historic); then the constancy of each ally, composed of the people and princes of the states. Nor was Media or the Penelopes at home forgotten. Had they not furnished indispensables for the voyage, cared for children with comforts scant, and offered prayers for them when they were far away! In comparison he named them among the martyrs — the heroines of all time.

Orpheus, with his large blue eyes, by intuition guided, saw among those earthly goddesses his own Eurydice. He knew who in affection, in form, in face and grace excelled all others. His quick ears knew her Doric accent, with its endearing modulation.

No other she possessed such proofs of joy and love; she was the one bright light to him of earth.

Then gave he the pilot deserved laudation, and meted out to all full share of glory — the single and combined actions and successes of his fellows of the voyage — till kindred, standing there, were by varied passions moved, from tears to boisterous acclaim — as tho' each friend named was the one particular and deserving hero. The part he took himself he mentioned last and least, guiding his thoughts and words with modest truth, such as draw silent admiration from sage and stoic. Even then and there he had Eurydice in mind, and she aware for she was there. Her own beloved, was it not confessed in the roseate glow that her fellow maidens lack'd?

There is a climax in life's drama that comes but once — when we love. At that supreme moment, unconscious of its decorum and unforbidden, she ran within the Arena — childlike ran — and bending low —kiss'd his disengaged hand. Whereupon, ere she had gained the place from whence she sprang, another and another shout rang out, that echoed in the air. It was a pæan of praises, unstinted from a multitude.

Those shouts were not for him alone — plighted to him was she and many knew thereof. It check'd but did not ruffle his placid brow or mar the theme. Orpheus but smiles as she retired, in peril, in uxoriousness of feeling. * * *

He knew it not — it was a parting, a last kiss. The Judges, invested with the robes and dignity of sages, noted not the intrusion.

He had produced again the songs and tunes of Mars and Neptune, that fires the eye, that rallies warriors of renown, and prehistoric heroes lived again —

such themes that nerve the brave; that battle for the right; such as built the walls of Thebes and Salem, or flew to the rescue of a nation's rights—freedom, honor, symbol—earnest as those who plead a righteous cause, or defend the oppressed, forward and onward to conquer. They had opened barred gates, sunk pirates fathoms deep; those cruel fiends who build their ships with prows like vulture's beaks, with expanse of wing that outspeed the gull; to swoop upon their prey. Now safety, peace and plenty follow on land and sea and they are feared no more. Bellona ceased her bellowing, envy hid her face, and the foreboders and their oracles are silent.

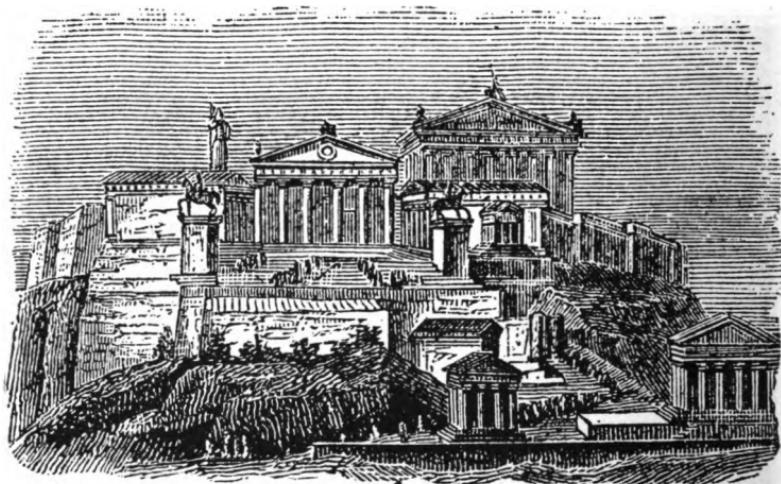
Their patriotic souls were moved to valor as Orpheus continued: ‘Media shall stand by Jason; have they not as one circled the earth together? Now may the Graces—Autumnus, Felicitas and Flora—sit them down as household gods, in plenteous harvest, drink from Castilian fountains and feed upon ambrosia. The fruits of all the earth are ours, and who shall dare to cause us an alarm? The Driads, the Graces and the Muses are in harmony with Historia’s record that cannot be effaced!’ Here Orpheus paused, with look upraised, that appealed to a Judge they saw not, in motionless peroration.

The shouters rent the air with cheers, in praise, in exaltation—they knew not when to cease! Then the earthly judges from their seats arose; their wands upraised and the olive crown presented, placed it on his brow, his head adorned, and many gracious words bestowed. The herald then announced aloud: “Orpheus, of famed renown, has won the prize, the Olive Crown.”

Minerva’s wisdom had been invoked, but Tasita and Muta were declared added to the Muses.

"Orpheus triumphant— all hail! son of Apollo! all worthy Orpheus!" pealed in continuous roar that ceased not till tongues and throats exhausted were; so beyond control were they, they would have deified him had not the day and place been sacred to Apollo.

Orpheus' voice and theme were so adjusted, attuned with truth and tenderness, that envy, spleen and perfidy impotent were 'gainst record of deeds so worthy— progress, commerce, industry, freedom,



PARTHENON, ETC., AS IT WAS.

wisdom, peace and love! Was not the cargo of the Argo landed at the foot of the Acropolis? The mainland and islets of the sea free—free to partake in equal and deserved share its fruits, its honors and protection. The grateful and ingrate tolerated— tho' distant as truth and falsehood— far apart as life and death with Lethe's stream between.

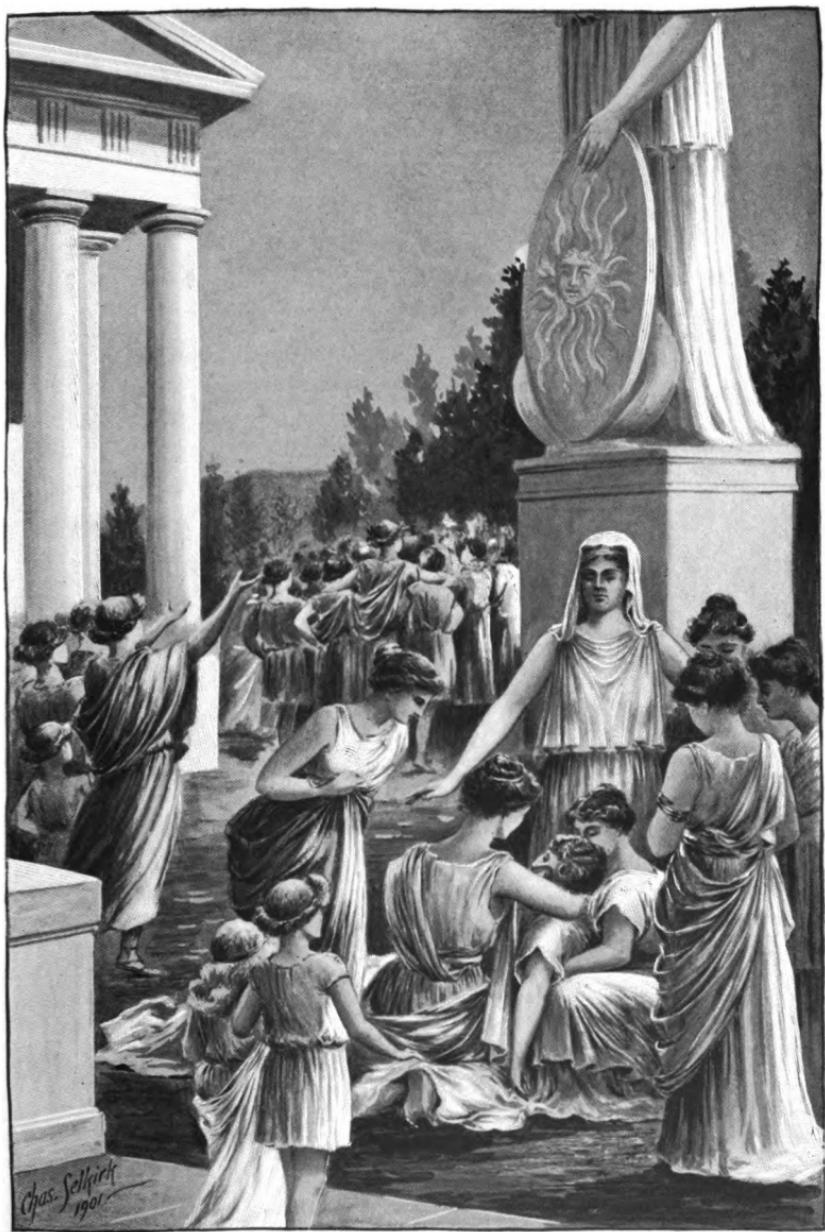
This was Minerva's boast— Beautiful Athens! queen of cities, whose glories cannot be hidden—

where the wise do congregate and send their sons, from whom rays of light will shine and Minerva illume the world. Behold her architecture — Doric, spacious, grand and simple; her Ionic, conspicuous, beauteous and enduring, pillared and adorned with statues of the Gods and heroes, explanatory of her history and victories Her temples, parallelogram, similar to the Tabernacle of Moses, intended for religious and similar purposes and the public good!

Twilight tinged the mountain tops with light, but when the pageantry of the day was o'er 'twas as if the sun was in eclipse, and Orpheus was all in all. Have they forgotten — Alas! where was Eurydice? True, the laurel with the olive twined was his, deserved rendition, worth's own most glorious prize. He was to sit on the table of the Judges in the Prytaneum—his place was vacant except some cypress (symbol of sorrow) that there festooned, the seat, it spoke of bereavement, sudden and severe — it was to have been a joyous feast; it was smileless and cheerless. The Judge presiding gave scanty words of welcome, and briefly gave the cause of Orpheus' absence. 'The death of a very dear friend;' few there were that lingered at the feast. Others sought for him, spiritless and downcast. He did not appear in the procession triumphal. Honors and praises were conceded, his name revered, but there unsung. When e'er you visit Altis observe his statue, erected, placed there by those who knew and loved him. * * * Return with me to the time when the prizes were awarded and Orpheus was crowned, the Judges gone; and now the wild youth's pupils of the Muses, in much numbers from the academies, even from Rhodes and more distant lands were there, like untamed colts they bear him off (the victor) in their arms; aloft along like

Phaeton, driving the chariot of Sol; horses unmanageable that set the world on fire, and Proteus of the schools vainly made remonstrance. Bacchus' bowls were filled and filled and emptied; stained were their costly garments with excess of wine, ere the cruse of oil went out. They knew not the torture that they caused; at length (how long he knew not) wearied with their uncouth noise and joy hilarious, Eurebus came to his relief — this prisoner prince escaped, in darkness breaks away, and is with Jason in the free air again. His first and instant thought is now to find her he loves — haply she has long since retired to that asylum prearranged for, ere the day began, obtained within a sacred grove for the maidens and matrons of Athens.

Hastening through the groves to find, they meet a group of women, of Eurydice's fellow-mates, companions of the day, who were returning on the road in search of him. They, in loose ungirdled robes, with countless voices sought to tell him that —that Eurydice was dead! Then, as one dazed by clash and flash from clouds that break the mast, he stood aghast; striving to ravel out their strange and wild exclamings; at length a matron, "Mother of the sons of Diogorus, he who in excess of joy expired upon hearing that his sons had won prizes (years a gone)," she briefly told the sad, regretful incident; that Penelope suffused in tears (who was to have been her thalamepolos at her bridal) confirmed. Trembling he comprehended, he understood it all. "Eurydice had died with excess of joy (so died Sophocles at close of his dramatic victory)." * * * It was at the time when Orpheus was crowned that the cruel Fates (so 'tis said) stung her and she died. They sought to resuscitate the breath and the pulses of her tender



ORPHEUS AWARDED WITH THE OLIVE CROWN — HE IS CARRIED OFF BY THE STUDENTS — EURYDICE FAINTS WITH EXCESSIVE JOY.

(By Charles Selkirk, Artist, Albany, N. Y.)

heart in vain; no wound was visible. Then, as tho' he had received a wound as fatal, he fell upon the earth and gave the first groan and shed the first tear his brave and harmonious soul had ever uttered. And other tears were shed by that pitying, mourning group of friends. Vainly did Jason seek permission that Orpheus might see her body in the sanctum. The answer came, "The desire was human but inadmissible, impious to the solemnities of Diana."

With other thoughts, later, at midnight, they were met to gaze at distance upon her form, as upon a palanquin beneath a silken canopy she lay, like a beauteous model for a Phideas chisel, or twin figure to mate with Athena's in the Parthenon — her paragon, in form and feature. War's veterans, unused to pity, felt his grief; supported Orpheus, at times covered their emotions with their mantles. Manly cheeks were wet for him in fellow feeling. Those friends, sons of Mars and Neptune, led him to their tent, and sought with wine and words, in their honest, unpolished way, to bring him to himself again. He was conscious only of having fallen from Heaven to earth, powerless before all-potent Pluto. His sting of death. [Eurydice had been carried to the sanctum of Cybele — she was to be intombed near the shrine of the Goddess in consecrated ground, whither Orpheus knew not.] The grounds are at Elis in the "Elysian Fields" (so called), on the plains of Antilata near a Temple and statue of Olympian Jupiter, and numerous shrines were near. The oracle thereof refused admission or delay, for insufficient reason given "That many hours had passed away;" "that the Olympic games were on," and that "ominous birds of pestilence had been seen flapping their heavy wings." The Sisterhood of Novices plaited buds and

flowers that read, “Our grief is painful,” and others that said, “Thy joy be evermore.” Penelope was permitted to lay the garland on the pall at her feet; no cypress or other profanation. Man, except at distance, was permitted not to look upon her, claimed as she was as “Sacred from the shrine of Delos.” A silent symbol of purity, a white rose, was in her hand, the other as a lily upon her bosom lay. And Orpheus’ frame was greatly agitated. He was held in check by Jason and his friends — rude interference was impossible; it would have been sacrilege. The warders took him to an elevation where he could be nearest and see her face (as there would pass the cortège), but when it passed he was both overcome with sorrow and with tears. He was not deceived, he saw her — her placid, beauteous face, and would have broken from their charge to intercept, to stay the corse, but for the compelled restraint of friends and mutes and guards.

It was between the midnight and the morning hour, long before the sleepers from their tents are wont to rise, that the funeral toll began. The torch-bearers (Galli priests) from the sanctum led the way. The priestess of the shrine presiding — stately and imperatively ordering; warders and mutes silently obeying — She, in her crescent, mural crown, with her sheaf of wheat inverted; she with slow and measured step precedence took, and in loud alto voice proclaimed:

“The pure, the beautiful are Diana’s — sacred to Diana!” Melpomene leading the vestal virgins, in sandaled feet and faces veiled, and lamps with flame extinguished; they held the cords and tassels of the pall under which she lay and others bore the burden. Nænia’s mournful chant was the funeral dirge. When it began with its wail of woe the sleepy



MIDNIGHT FUNERAL OF EURYDICE.
(By Charles Selkirk, Artist, Albany, N. Y.)

multitude from their tents came out and endless made the long procession.

Those solemn sounds, at such an hour, caused some to tremble, but to Orpheus it spoke of hope and Life Immortal, and passing comfort gave. Again she who presided intoned: "Maiden thou art sacred to Diana; her claims are first and last and all supreme!" Virgins replying, "To Diana sacred! Revered and all supreme."

They slowly pace the way, Nænia singing:—

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

Bless'd day of peace, the promised day,
When pains of earth shall pass away;
Now, love divine, attunes the lay,
They sing in heaven, O joyous day!

Forgiven, they we'll say.

Cybeles, tintinabula, toll'd between the bars, and "Sacred to Diana," the response—Nænia singing:—

There, Seraphs with a golden scroll,
Of names recorded will unroll,
And paeans loud will welcome all
Of Jove ordained, who heard the call,
Of Him who loves us all.

Still the tolling bell between the bars was heard, and "Sacred to Diana; to Diana sacred"—Nænia singing:—

Oh! happy day, believers say,
Her soul has left behind earth's clay,
To celebrate "The Judgment Day,"
Where bliss can never pass away
Like the joys of yesterday.
Glorious, glorious Destiny!

Cybeles, tintinabula, faintly tolled again, and ceased with distant voices, "Sacred to Diana; to Diana sacred."

They had reached the entrance of the encircled wall and the funeral hymn and chanting cry grew fainter on the ear as they passed within its fold, where death's secrets are maintained. She was a novice of Diana's; it had not been annulled, and 'twas known that none but the approved and pure may enter there. The brazen gates are barr'd as the cortège inward pass, and all without in gloom—in darkness grope, as they quench their torches and to their tents depart, with serious thoughts and sighs.

Drooping Orpheus, all piteous, heard its last receding sound and shed his tears in vain. The earth to him a desolation was, as Jason led him to his tent—what now cared he for fame or wreath of bay or laurel, Eurydice being absent and past recall? He whose appearance once so brilliant was, now is oblivious of himself. The morning broke—Luna hid her face in seeming clouds of sorrow. Diana in Heaven, through her Oracle from the shrine, conveyed to him its definings: "That immortality was assured; that he a full fruition should receive of divine love; that he should higher climb — obey and be satisfied. There are many joys they had not known; they will be reserved till then. Cannot he who gave us senses fit for earth's necessities give us others for delight in Heaven? Kindred souls in joy will meet again." The Oracle so declared and he believed. This he had been taught in youth as verity to rest upon, when of life weary she may—she will await him at the gate as she did on earth—memory will recall the forgotten from among the cherubs gone before to that Arcadia; there, singing the melodies of

Apollo and Diana and the Muses, that never tire; where Deity presides of whom to know we part with all below! Severed here reluctantly yet buoyed by hope of greater gain, more perfect be and satisfied.

This belief in varied phase to Jason would he repeat, till Jason saw that reason reeled; was his fellow sailor sane? Will he, like Deucalion, be perserved from this wreck, this deluge, or will he as Evadne throw himself on some funeral pyre, or drown like Hero in the Hellespont. The Fates are unbending; why should their wrath on him be piled mountains high; "Pelion upon Ossa?" No vengeful Furies, no Nemesis, sought life for life for evils wrought by her! 'twas false.

Vain soliloquies, recalling memories of Historia's mortals, the true and fabulous. There is no receding from Nature's laws and fiat! In his anguish he exclaimed: "Jupiter! great Jupiter! this life that opened so propitious now a chaos. Pluto then has conquered, holds his biprong'd fork aloft with regal sway—Imperator. He has again struck the earth and cleft a chasm to Hades to engulf the beautiful and true! She was not born to die and mix with reeky clay!" Eurydice, if 'twere possible, where'er she was, would give him cheer did she but know; how could she? there is no communing of the living with the dead!

In life, she knew (in thought) he ever carried her in his bosom, from earliest thought of woman, ere he saw her in Diana's train. Then Aurora smiled and lit the mountain tops of his ambition in planning paths for her to tread where he in joy would lead her. Then it was he sang with heart and voice, gave thanks and praise. Then, tho' absent long upon the ocean (in thought never was she far away). Together had

they not listened to the rising lark sing its rondelay of song, its mate the while attentive to its faintest warblings in the upper air outpouring; it might have flown to Heaven so high he was; he could not stay away from her he loved, tho' half the world was in his vision, full of attractions, but came again to earth to tell it all in fond affiliation. Thus had Orpheus returned to Athens to recount his travels and tell his love.

Can no deity proclaim she shall return and speak as, when her voice at even-tide, as Philomela movest singing to its love, in sinless innocence she sang; as he, blissful, praised her joyous carolings, and interchanged their thoughts — she, whate'er the theme, so comprehending, so intuitive, so divine! Such were his delights in her; 'twas excessive adoration — in memory they became oppressive and proved expressions of a mind astray.

Eurydice in Hades," he would say — seek her he must, he will, and lead her forth from darkness into light. He will watch at her tomb and woo her shade if it appear, or as Luna gazed upon Endymion, and when she wakes be there; then rove the Elysian Fields with her, and Lethe's stream no more he feared. There is no place in Tartarus for such as she; such were his plaintive and intercessant cries.]

With such as Jason, pity it did invoke. But who were those who callous were, who heard at times his passionate bewailings — he whose smiles once lit admiring eyes of others; they pitied not — they but seemed to angry grow at his cold looks, averted face and brief replies to their civilities. They were the worldly-minded, the motley crowd who disbelieve in love, such as barter their affections at highest price or sounding title — semi-sincere worldlings who wan-

der and seek they know not what — who fly and ignore a dethroned queen they once flattered, feared and envied, and cringe to fortune's soiled idols. Eurydice, dear felicitas! they are the harpies of shame, false show, duplicity and discord. As tho' present, he would exclaim, "Avaunt Psyche! Electra away! thy supposed enchantings are perfumed mildew; thy pretensions vain and odious — away ignis Iris! away Voluta ceta Gorgons! Helena, Driope, nor Venus self with all their charms, no semblance have compared to thine; their gaudy plumes but attract the vulgar Vulcans and the begrimed — could they but gain one only of thy perfections, 'twould shine a bright adornment beside their borrowed, ill-gotten tinsel. They are the consorts of their 'kind; carrion creatures, night owls and hawks, with evil eyes alert to ensnare the unwary innocent." Thoughts and utterings rash his disordered mind evolved; with feverish eye, wringing hands, bewail'd in broken voice, as tho' replying to some unseen presence, he would say: "I will be heard, dread Pluto, in power potential, if thou art of Hades jailer, be pleased to prove thy right to stay, or take her hand from mine — mine of earth! Human, my kith and kin! I'll not believe she's dead — thine doth lack vitality and are repulsive. Despot, why with thy fatal power the sapling blight, whilst hoary trunks fruitless rot, are ready at thy beck — my branch was beauteous with bloom, that bless'd with its touch; why should it die? He scorns to make reply!"

But, Nature then, as now, had bounds, or the bruised heart would break or brain congeal. Morpheus benumbed his form, the eye closed, the hand relaxed, tears dried upon his cheeks, his strength the long hours collapse, and sleep disturbed, at last be-

came an opiate. Then as the unwieldy globe swung in its orbit, came vision after vision; trembling saw he and heard again "The Midnight Dirge, again saw he the cortège pass, and noted all the followers. He knew the air they sang; it was impressed upon his brain, 'The Judgment Day.' He strove to join its human lamentation, and he thought 'twas just that he must cry and share the common doom. He saw them cheery, going on their way as on a pilgrimage (there was no need of harp or lyre, for their voices chimed joyful to a measured step); then Nænia's faint, soft voice he heard again (as the lull of the winds after storm, when the tired sailor lays him down to sleep); it seemed to him to say: 'Behold, mortal; a new day — Immortality!'"

IMMORTALITY.

Bright day of peace — Eurydice!
 Night and storm have passed away,
 And love divine now bids thee stay
 To sing in Heaven thy Dorian lay.
 Cherubs shall there unfold the scroll
 And Heroin's approved extol —
 To bless thy name and loving soul
 In song and joyous madrigal —
 To recompense life's brevity,
 And give thee all eternity,
 Wherein to joy more happily
 Together — dear Eurydice!

Thy sudden light, it passed away,
 To shine again as "Dawn of Day,"
 For love divine would have thee stay
 To make his realm a nightless day —
 Angels their choicest garlands bring,
 Happy throngs of seraph's sing,
 To bless thy name, resound thy fame,
 In songs that joy and love proclaim —

There shall no moaning psalmody
Complain to chill the harmony,
But wreathed with smiles of purest ray
And thou his praise and crown and bay
And Orpheus — with Eurydice.

It was like a mother's lull-a-by : Concordia's invocation to the Supreme that could not be denied. He calls her name in sleep, and reason'd "Can dread Pluto hear; can tears to Proserpine avail; can man conquer thee by daring or liberty obtain for her? Did not Bacchus rescue Semele and Jason rescue Media. Pluto! thine is Proserpine, render Eurydice to me! Erato, Muse of Love, canst thou not open Hades' caves, and from its fabled mysteries bid her come forth — I wait! I wait! Zeus lengthen out the vision. He sped along another Colchis road — he would not be delayed, tho' at Minotaur's sepulchral vault they bid him halt. The guards and ghouls were so absorbed at sight of his wan face that tho' in lost estate and callous to human cries they let him pass. Was it possible? Pluto, too, was silent, for his consort, Proserpine, for Orpheus was pleading. The wicked feel the effect of tears and pity their fellows in distress; she thus her wishes did express, they will prevail. Pluto will not thwart them. Now Erato! with thy heartfelt lays, harp and voice endow that they may touch his heart and he relent. Then music's charm echoes through the concave with piteous sounds and pleas, till Pluto upon his burning dias laid his scepter down; revoked Fate's fiat; revoked his own decree as monarch of the realm; resolved to rehabilitate the one that Orpheus loves — with regal pomp and threat, and legal stipulation. She was to depart with this but one stipulation, most strange and special.
"He must suppress all vain feeling, passions and af-

fections given him by Jupiter — his hated brother, the great Imperator of Heaven, and if he fail (and Pluto reasoned that he would) he must destroy his harp that had gained him entrance; depart without her and trespass not in Tartarus again.

The gage accepted, "Upon her face or form to look not until she pass the boundary of his domain."

Orpheus knew not his own strength; his former boasted prowess now was weakness unweaned—Promise! He would accept on any terms. He does. * * * Beauteous still was she as when they first were plighted, for thus in imagination he beheld her. * * * She comes, she comes! Her step he knew, coming in haste his love and loneliness to cheer—she comes in a flood of light, even as a new creation cometh—startling and bewildering—he has forgotten. Alas! he has, for in ecstacy, entranced, he hears her voice and turned about to meet, to clasp her in his arms and gaze upon her face. Oh, weak, impatient, affectionate man! her doom is unrevoked; more vivid than the blinding flash of Cyclop's eye, or Vulcan's thunderbolts, the bolts have fallen; Pluto, frowning, wields again his scepter and closed are the grated gates, with clang so violent that their clash did jar the earth, and Orpheus awoke battling at random, in darkness, saying, "She is not here; she is not here!" His nerves were like his harp, unstrung; his frame in sad abandon. Where were his laurels now, his harp and lyre, once potent with their power and harmony (given him of the Gods)? He had, he thought, entered Hades' depths Eurydice to rescue; but by man's love, impatience, Nature, weakness, lost her; and rashly he exclaimed, "There is no resurrection!" Will he not be calm, it is but defer'ed. "He will never play again." It was the minstrel's final—the retreat began—the

battle lost and he among the slain. He groans and weeps at his defeat. Prestige gone, where shall he hide away?

Such depths of sorrow Cadmus' words cannot translate; those alone who deeply love may dip their pen in tears and write upon his tomb, "Here lies the dust of one who loved."

This is a land of clay, of flesh and blood; he must await time's fiat to meet again in some hoped for, promised, new existence.

These events pass speedily. There is the eternal.

To relieve this mental strain, this monomania and grief excessive, Jason, his captain, his loving friend by Neptune's mystic ties, united gave him a brother sailor's hand. Consider it not strange that there is constancy and love of man to man; the other sex is not loved the less; our mutual joys, trust and tears of this is evidence sufficient. Jason took him to sea again, and with him strove remembrance of the past to banish; 'twas in vain. He pined away, even as Echo for love of Narcissus. Æsculapeus, physician of the Argo, prescribed, but said, "There is no cure for love except reciprocation; delays are fatal."

They were at sea; the voyage was long and stormy. Neptune and the winds were wroth. The Argo was a wreck. With many struggles Jason brought her into port again, where Orpheus' story and identity were in part forgotten. Many cycles of the earth had passed, dates lost and anchor gone; but Orpheus knew he was again near Tempe's vale, where sane and sacred memories lingered. He could not stay away; he haunted all the groves as tho' demented, was shy of man and hid himself from woman's gaze, tho' some from childhood he had known — remembered, both good and true and fair — wandered at times he knew

not where; abruptly talked aloud with Nature when none were near but flitting birds, fauns and creeping things, as tho' instructing them incoherently. Æsculapeus was not in error; reciprocation, where 'tis possible, is the only cure for such a malady; delays are perilous, the mind may become a wreck, and what more sad can be, body and mind in collapse, at sight of which he abandons all his nostrums?

The warders of the shrines knew him, and looked upon him as one risen from the dead — believed him dazed, for confused and wild were his replies, erratic and disjoined. They fed him; they were so directed from within, and to care for the cave in which he hid himself or slept and dreamt the time away. He noted not who furnished his abode. He would sit and gaze at the moon and weep when clouds obscured her face — an illusion flickered in the retina of his mind that her dear profile saw he there, and gazed thereon as tho' awaiting loves beacon, oblivious of surroundings, till shivering with the morning's mist he crept within his cave and fell upon his bed of leaves. Near where he thought they laid her he brought mosses that he gathered 'neath the cypress trees — the creeping myrtle and the blue-eyed violet, ferns and water lilies, and sometimes the thin-leaved willow that grew and drooped beside the brook. He fancied that she knew he laid them there; and as he sighed Eurydice! a soft æolian sound swept along the reeds near him, that seemed to whisper "Come!" Prepared he was to follow, but when again he listened it was gone. Yet no delusion was that word, come, to him. Night was his day, for then Philomela came with its plaintive song that sweetly touched his ear; to this he listened, a soothing panacea; yet at times it seemed to chide and bid his grief desist, with its "fi, fi, fi: te-rue, te-

rue, pt! pe-te terue!!" The bee lingers not on a flower of sweets bereft; the withered flower must bleed and die — sacred embers quenched; ashes are inurn'd; who can the vital spark relume; who bring back the honey of her voice? only memory; it will recall its tone, her smile and love to him, tho' others may forget her name — at night, on the morrow and at noon, and be as caresses past, only his; her voice tho' heard afar he knew from any other, for it spoke with childhood's innocence. Aforetime, once, as he drew near her home he heard her speak his name, looking heavenward, as if absorbed in thought of him. His near approach was unobserved, but presently he came to her, elate and full of joy — joy like to that they ever feel who sing and breathe and live and love and idolize!

Lone Dove! thy coo was all anxiety, tho' housed within till his, thy mate's return; then all within the Ark was joyous. Love is ever over-anxious! O timid Deer, thou didst tremble at the twang of the sped arrow; fly ere its speeding wound thee, thou art very innocent of harm! And thou, sweet Laverok, thy song is all of love, for a call from thy mate on earth doth arrest thy singing midway in its glee; for thou wilt dive with more than Eagle speed to thy beloved — rise higher, she does not call, do not fear, she listens to thy solo. Had they not together listened in the glen, and exchanged affections heard therein? So akin it seemed they were. They are common things in Nature, given for man's and their own delight; they endure but for a day, and die. Such are intensified in man whose memory and love and soul survives — evil never sung with so trusting and persuasive voice. Shall He weep again; he has not ceased to weep, tho' tears come not. Shall he rush

into battle as Menelaus at loss of Helen? There is no persuading libertine like Paris for him to slay. Shall he, with deadly hemlock, cheat Cerberus to pass him over Styx? Depart she thought — might it not flow on and land him on some molten wilderness of sand, where his wandering feet would sink to depths beyond compute, where none could extricate? He must await the river's tidal hour ere he sail to the Arcadia of his love.

His walks with her had been where Flora had sent adrift her perfumes, that even now fan his fevered brow with fragrant waft. Would he were there with her again; all else of value seemed to cease to be. He strove to apply the discords and the harmonies he had conceived; speech was inadequate, tongues move not where the stamp of grief is indelible. Those affections, those sorrows, were thaws that melting give responsive echoes in chaste bosoms. Such rhapsodies possessed might, should — would open Eden's Gardens, where man again might enter. It was at such a height of purity and ecstacy with them, when the Olive Crown he gained and Eurydice expired — strange bliss or pain, to die with joy. It was too pure for earth, and perfect, and therefore was recalled. She did not live to tell him of her joy at his success; her demise was an all sufficient proof. What now was left for him to love? Hover nigh, bright "Dawn of Day," for clouds obtrude ominous presaging thoughts repulsive. His Harp and Lute are out of tune, and Orpheus undone. This, alas! is oft the fate of the good — the truly great. Fate is incomprehensible; the good deceived, awarded with disappointment; hereafter there must be adequate fruition, else (if not so) man, of all creatures, in his life and death, must

be deplored; it were better he had not lived! Censor rude! hold! progress is Nature's order of her day, and be so, will, to all eternity. In the final all will be well. Scholars of the Academy, I assert, reiterate, futurity's delay will unfold itself propitious. This life is as Cadmus' Letters, the key to our knowledge of the present and its possibilities, reaching towards the mind, knowledge and soul of The Divine that abides and dies not! Depend not on philosophy alone (ever fallible), 'tis but the alpha to the unknown for which we strive.

Do we not feel pride in the good and true? The wise, the explorers, the heroic, and those who have created our temples and adorned our shrines to instruct the living and honor Jupiter. Such as Musical Orpheus and Sappho— Jason, Theseus, Talemon and Solon? They, tho' dead, still live. They are the conceded princes of the world — equal to Apollo, each an Hercules: remember their achievements, courage and results; they challenge comparison from Historia's pages." Thus was the theme portrayed by Plato, in words and thoughts harmonious, embracing many a song and story. With much solemnity he continued, saying: "Those Bards and Sages live again; and in their children here assembled, resume their vitality with possibilities unbounded!" Plato paused, for now was the proud strain of valor seen in every nерье of his fellow students. Erect stood the untamed sons of Hellena, from Rhodes, from Crete and Cyprus, from Colonies and Islands far and near, ready to man a thousand Argos for any enterprise, to dare — to conquer, or to die! What were floating Pirates or Boreas' storms — what the Harbor bars or guards their stone-closed ports; they will prove that valor is invincible.

The unknown seas now speak of them, our ships pass to an fro to strange lands, unexplored for ages. O'erthrown are their uncouth Deities. The soothsayer and his dupe set free. No sirens' songs, with tawny skin, tho' fumed with dust of spice or ointment costly or color'd daub, hath power to charm or fright. The Argo's crew were true to home and kindred. They bethought of the voices and forms of Phideas' Models, that then, as now, our eyes behold; that retain the charms we cherish and protect. Such was in part the Theme that Orpheus sang as the Argo passed the abode of the sirens — and the Pilot and the crew were safe. This scroll is the Mermaid's Song before mentioned, as told by Epicurus, found among his preserves, and its preface. As the Argo passed the enchanted isles "They hailed us with, Halloo! Ah, there! Halloo!"

SONG OF THE SIRENS.

We be Queen Phoebe's daughters all;
To merry men we sweetly call
Come! Come and see our coral cell,
Adorned with pink and pearly shell.
Here you may clasp a siren's waist
And fruits forbidden pleasure taste.

As by their rocky isles we sailed, they waved their fins and flap'd their tails, and then they sang:—

See here, you man, to us oh come,
We'll let you taste of luscious rum
Of nectar made. Come swig and sip
Grog better than a-board o' ship,
We'll trim your beards and show you where
The pearl and ruby grottoes are.
Ah, there! See here, man, man! Mermaid,
The foaming surf for love was made.

A water nymph they called Bapta invited us to come ashore, and louder sang than ever:—

See here, you man, my dears, my dear!
Pleasure island is right here;
We'll decorate your necks with pearls;
Come, romp with us, the siren girls.
Our gems and sapphires you may share
And full-blown two-lips kiss a pair.
Now come, oh, come. Ah, there, ah there!
The mermaids' bed is here, here, here!

Brine and bilge-water, boys! The pearls that on their bosoms lay had no place to hide away.

Then sang their queen, in weeds of green —
Come, see my nymphs for sport array'd,
Now, Phoebe's daughters I'm afraid
You don't behave like courtesans.
Let them our new acquaintance make,
Splice the main brace and give and take.
Ah, there! seaman, mermaid!
Come, loll upon our mossy bed.

To stop their gab, "Old Nep." grew mad and awoke a storm from the nor'west, and with a scream they vanished as a dream.

Their arms were flesh, their tails were fish,
They were baiting us, to fill their dish.
With teeth as sharp as tiger claws
They were to fill their hungry maws;
We were to have a coral bed
When dead as herring that are red —
One siren rode upon our anchor bar,
But the pilot swab'd her off with tar.

Those blink-eyed beauties made quite sure we'd furl our sails and go ashore, but the "Yargo" sailed right on her course, as tho' our ears were full o' wool.

And, messmates ! “ Epi ” vouches that the yarn is true. The landlubbers gaped with open mouths. And the “ Old Salts ” laughed, Ha-ha, Ha-ha !

This recital caused a laugh ; they had been serious till then. But when the merriment subsided, Plato excused himself for this innovation and continued : “ Doves, our mates, with their pure arms, will entrance find to hearts at home, and the Hawk and Vulture fail ; they live on carrion. Here Ceres smiles propitious, and Flora in perfection blossoms. Industry adorns the walks and groves. Heroes walk the Earth foremost in the van, seeking the Divine. The whole earth giveth its increase, its fruits abound ; Nature’s intent, to fill the land and seas with plenty — with corn and wool, and oil and wine, the promised recompense of labor ; those blessings, these gifts are trophies, rewards to the industrious and deserving ; for these, Great Jupiter be praised. His approval and the proofs are here. There are many Argo’s heavy laden, anchor’d off the Piræus, from many open’d ports, both in and outward bound.”

Again the assembled hearers shouted their applause.
* * * In remembrance of Orpheus, Jason and his crew, be your praises and memento, may they not even now be cognizant of these sincere and generous avowals. The fire-breathing Bulls are conquered. Mars’ blood-stained acres plowed with dragons’ teeth, useless weeds uprooted and buried ; instead thereof, golden grain and liquid opiates richly satisfy. The Dragon and his guards subdued, and Neptune Triumphant.” Then Plato’s fellow students broke out and sang, as once the Argo’s sailors sang :—

A HYMN TO NEPTUNE.

Neptune divine! The ocean is thine;
We mark thy tides, we note their time,
We sail their buoyant waves sublime;
And all their breadth and length define.
Reign, Neptune! reign!

The earth would show a barren face,
The rocks a blistered shaly waste,
With verdure seared, to blinding dust,
And the winds sweep it of its crust.
Reign, Neptune! reign!

Thy power hath proud Atlantis seen,
Her domes engulfed in waters green,
Her haughty kings and army braves
Lie deep in thy all-conquering waves.
Reign, Neptune! reign!

Their continent of earth submerged,
Her lofty mountains mined and surged
And toppled by thy rising tides,
O'er which the Argo sails and rides.
Reign, Neptune! reign!

The main, the main, 's the road to wealth,
For commerce, luxury and health;
Thy drops refresh the parched ground,
Or human life could not be found.
Neptune divine, reign!

The Argonauts had cleared the seas of foes, till every wave, from pole to pole, was free. The Tropics opened their spicy treasures, and fruits before untasted, from every clime are ours, whereof Historia hath taken note, and unending praise awards.

When on ocean Orpheus sang of Home, the pygmies and the faithless fled to cover; sirens and sea-maids lost their vaunted charms, and Amphitrite, out-of shame, lashed the ocean into foam and hid them

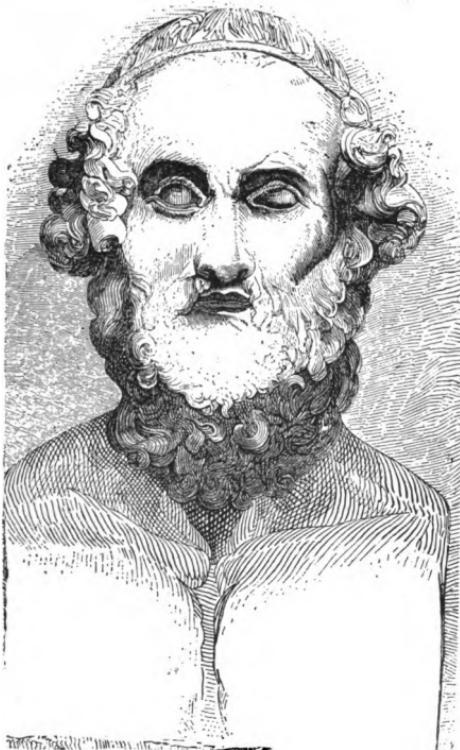
in the surf. The Tritons blew their Conks to decoy. The Porpoise leapt and the Dolphins' phosphorescent backs shone with weird light, delusive as Ignis-fires in the mirk, but Orpheus thought of Hellenes daughters, to memory dear! Conscious that amid Ocean's storms Great Jupiter was cognizant and benign, and held aloft awards for duties done, as up among the topsails furled they clung. The barren Islands rearward moved; the dawn of brighter days had come—Pluto's realm of darkness could not bear the light of progress and not succumb. Neptune's far-reaching waves again are smooth. Jupiter presides and man's loyalty receives. Athena issuing Laws, and her people jubilant in holdiday attire.

Who could have foretold at such a time the death of Music's Lord, or so sad a Fate as that befell both Orpheus and Eurydice? In love for Him she died, and He, for love and loss of her; yet it is but a semblance, a passing incident, a chill, a stopping of the breath. Love cannot die. It is believed they are again joyous with undiminished love in Elysium. Pluto's shaft, that might have struck a Titan to the earth, found but a delicate, adoring woman.

Homer! In other words, thy story we repeat. "Death saw a shining mark gathering flowers in the meadow lands of Enna, and with his trident cleft the earth beneath the feet of Proserpine, and Ceres, her mother, was disconsolate and found her not. She could have escaped, had she not eaten the forbidden fruit."

Homer must have heard of Eve and paradise; a story that the descendants of Abram have on record long before they went to Egypt. An Hebrew story of the Earth's Creation; for, not dissimilar is it, as told by him. "Impatient Orpheus sought to recover Eury-

dice, as Ceres did Proserpine; both were disconsolate and found them not." O fatal day when he was crowned! and passing strange it was that Orpheus played a Dirge ere he closed the final of his skill. Nænia, she who delights in funeral Hymns, suggested



HOMER.

it — she knew that death and change are ever pending, and, to him, urged music's sedatest cadence. There (the effect thereof unknown), 'twas at a time inopportune, so subduing came it, that 'twas as a pall thrown by some gloomy spirit over earth's dependent, loyal creatures, chilling as the winding of a serpent

ere it stings. The concourse that but now shouted trembled as tho' Pluto had arrived and changed the Olive into Cypress. By intuition, startled (its effect upon himself), he brought it to a close, and silent was. This by some was thought to be his peroration, for his Harp fell from his hand. What of Her? She had, in excess of joy, as Homer's Proserpine entered the suburbs of the Elysian fields of bliss; Her joy at his success was overpowering, her breathing ceased.

Flora came not at the shrill cry of Proserpine, and Orpheus might have called, and called in vain. A shock, an incident had happened, he knew not what. Yet he bethought 'twas near the spot where Eurydice had stood; 'twas well he did not, or in passion's violence he would have brought her forth from peril, tho' Cerberus barred the path, or perish'd then and there.

He who had made the Islands and the woods to move — the rocks to roll. The carnivorous to forget their hunger, the vile to listen, to regret their lost estate and lack of purity — could he not succeed again? Will he not dare to make the attempt to enter any where, and rescue her? His Harp and voice again were in accord, drawn at times so fine, to such a plaintive pitch, that the hitherto indifferent Ghouls— even the Furies, laid aside their nature's and serious became. What will not Harmony and Love o'ercome?

Eurydice — the pure of heart! She perceived from whom came all the joys of earth to her; in him they all were concentrated. Wherein did he sin? To worship her; none were so without defect; possessing all the perfections that Athena, Diana, Juno or Venus boasted.

Helena, the Spartan, was a wife; She, a love-con-

fessed, an affianced one. Oh, he will, if the Fates deter not, besiege the crater of Hades and rescue her; who shall delay; who hinder?

Again in vision he was rapt, but journeyed on till strange lugubrious mutterings of the doomed were heard, and again were silent, for his Harp was pleading in piteous petition, with words more piteous; they were bent persuasive to powers within, to open callous ears till they become susceptible; that he, the suppliant, bending low, might arise and entrance gain. Obtain such pity as in the Hebrew story Adam gave to Eve; who, driven from gardens of ease to a wilderness of toil, content departed to bear and abide the doom, if not deprived of her.

She had passed over Lethe's stream, and he will dare to follow. * * * Then, then he thought, he sang and play'd continuous, seraphic, till the doomed in Tartarus rattled and clank'd their shackles in applause and Pluto laid down his dichotomous fork in fret — surfeited with melodies and flatteries of love — pleas and petitions that tyrants dread and despise under pressure, gruffly suspend law and power.

Music's persuasive key had won the obdurate to unbar the ponderous gates—Minotaur's dread cavern open to the abyss — sulphurous fumes arise from Vulcan's forge; they do not injure; they flame a lurid blue above his path in their escape towards Proserpine's strange temple, where by right divine Pluto holds his court.

Indifferent He, to entrance or exit of mortal, be he man or slave; can he not make or unmake; command and be obeyed in his own imperial domain!

Tyrants at times test the sincerity of subordinates and their allegiance prove. He hears Pluto debate: "Is Love Jupiter's primal trait, bestowed on mortals

and held by man as a hallow'd verity! He hath entered here for love; what will he not do in his persistency; he will besiege the prison house of Pluto! Pluto will be dethroned by Love." Yet she, for whom Orpheus pleaded — ventured, was pure as Diana; fit companion for a God, a work divine, in its self complete. Pluto condescendingly bade him look into futurity; the untravel'd destiny was thrust before him, delusive. 'Twas brilliant, but momentary. There within the great hall at Altis saw he His own statue, a central figure surrounded by Historias, Victors of the Olympic Games. The renowned of fame. He standing on a pedestal as high as Apollo's. It was the Nation's Mausoleum of the departed, that the Sages, the Graces and the Muses decorate with apt and appropriate devices. The Fame-honored were in motion, as tho' about to speak — as He awoke, at sound of his own voice in discussion with them, saying, "What are chisel'd stone but soulless vanities of the living? They give sepulchers, erect colossal statues of the Dead, and turn aside, refuse to see the wants and penury of the living. Was He worthy, must he bridge the chasm alone, deny a fault he would not, nor commit. Alas, who is faultless, who is sinless? If sin she had, let it be attributed to him, he so desired.

She had ascended beyond where the Lark soareth, where guileless cherubs pose in innocent abandon. When on earth He sang the birds corrected their mistakes and mutely listened; 'twas to her joy unalloyed to hear, faultless as Erato's poesy. Deiope and all the beautiful deign'd to smile upon "The Young Apollo."

The Muses, Judges in all the schools of Art, approved the meritorious award, as tho' faulty were all competitors but him, and he, perfect was alone.

Who can define the dreams of mortals, or the outcome of life predict? One act, nay, a word in error taken, may dethrone a king and prostrate his strong citadel! They say Eurydice, at the Arena, shed tears of gratitude to those who gave the applause, to requite, as best she could, their choice and condescension. They perceived, she Loved. Whilst He the while, in his theme absorbed, sang on, yet 'twas to her he sang, for no other heart or ear was it intended; it was, in part, His Love Confession, for so the final stanza ran.

WHEN LOVE IS DEAD.

Tune: "Bonny Doone."

Tell, tell me not, that earth is fair,
Where golden grain is waving.
That limpid waters onward flow,
The flowers and grasses laving.
Oh! what are they, or sacred shrine,
Or fountains clear, or laurel grove?
They all are blurred and colorless,
When silent is the voice of love!

The intent listeners imagined this to be a Dirge, and so it proved to be, for at its sadly sweet and holy close Eurydice fell into a matron's arms, where they fanned her pallid face, but fanned in vain. The spirit had departed and to the rear her form was borne. They thought she would recover — conflicting were the immediate cause assigned.

When she was at his side and whispered "Sing again" — then as he sang it seemed to her the zephyrs breathing ceased — the leaves were still, creatures mute and motionless, the stars all aglint. Afar away the rippling streams beckon'd the Neriades, and they, from brooks and rivers peered, and would have left

, their watery abodes, had Neptune been away, to nearer come and listen. Dear and perfect confidence — peace of mind, such only as the forgiven feel, that have offended. Then it was he believed himself in Eden's gardens, where they did wander.

But now he was but a wreck'd vessel, driven by conflicting winds and waves — and again he dreamt that mind-absorbing theme — the rescue. Again he saw the gates of Hades open (dread place). He stood within and trembled, waiting till announced. The Tribes in Tartary fell back to give him place; a stranger guest to them was He, their toothless jaws agape, wondering — strange miscellany, for Cupid was there; and Venus, she has right, she is everywhere Goddess. She boldly laughs at Pluto, as Cupid, her offspring is standing by, with his bowstring loose, its arrow, having pierced the callous heart of Pluto — even He. Love had conquered. Now Love was exemplified. He forthwith revoked the doom of Fate, as, with stentorian voice, "Orpheus," he proclaimed, "she shall arise!" And renewed Auroral lights from Vulcan's fires threw rosy tints to light the way. O, joyous! They are coming to his wedding. Diana's horn awoke the welkin — the Hounds are out — Eurydice was foremost in the Train of Nymphs. He heard the echoes; nearer they approach. She is coming! Coming to him, as 'twere, to escape to heaven? No! 'twas to meet and Liberty regain? So real, so startling were its commingled sounds, that in excitement's ecstacy, He turned to see how near she was, and be the first to greet her; and again, thereby, his memory and self-possession lost — as tho' blind and deaf, with promises forgotten. Oh, rash, foolish, fatal look, He turned to guard and clasp her form, but the Furies in derision stormed with hiss and scream, as

they hurried him along as one in banishment condemned. Pluto's stipulation broken, and the outer gate is open for his exit, that gaunt Charon, held ajar until he passed, and Cerberus, in his kennel, thrice howled in the gloom. He awoke, as one fleeing from peril, a dazed wanderer, bewildered in a thorny maze. And vaguely he exclaimed, "It was a Dream."

Dreams are delusions; the troubled body's sense of pain, a confused medley of chaos that usurps the mind, and the realities of life are all deranged thereby. He would that he could dream no more; 'twill lead him to disregard and doubt the real. Alone, with stringless Harp, his Lyre broken, his crown a bauble — his Fame unnoted. How could he have thought for happiness it was essential! His curls, through which the sun shone as they hung upon her bosom, now, by the winds and briars matted. The hosts that at the Games gave plaudit and applause gone, fled with Cupid to tropic skies, where wantons bud and blossom, and dissipate the time away; he could not call them friends; how cold they had grown, they used to bask at his table — laud his skill — praise his songs, even to repetition. O, then, his common speech was Iambic — Dactyl or spondee in faultless measure, and, like to Jason, with ever open purse. Compare not Him to them, with their glib tongues — court flatterers, insincere — pfau-~~birds~~, that obtrusive press their insipid inquiries and laugh and joke, insinuate and mock his woeful look.

Then did he feel the world had ceased to Love and Deucalion's Flood should come again; at best their words were chill and formal; such as the Temanite gave Job of old, with argumentative philosophy, varied, meaningless and vapid — Orpheus dared not Great Jupiter malign! Companionless (he desired

none), He for solace and silence, sought the inanimate — the woods and groves, where the Hemlock is always green; fit place to screen the wounded from pursuit; there would he discover their secret balm or poison, and (if peace come) in the meadows find hidden flowers and note their perfumes, forms petals and pollens and their varied shell and shield that protects the germ, life to perpetuate and wonder, and adore their Creator.

There he would meet the timid Fauns, and let them stare at him. Wander aimless and alone. Nature's inmates will not molest — some cave will give him shelter; he will feed with them on leaves. Shy creatures will visit him — they never fled when he drew nigh! A coney with its young once lay upon his feet; with much ado it was he did not injure them. The birds would sing close to their mossy nests, as if to show him their hymeneal abode. They awoke for the moment responsive fellowship. He was conscious of their pity; he could commune with them. To them he sang his plaint:—

Tune: "Bonny Doone."

Sing to thy mate, sweet bird again;
Repeat it through the leafy glen.
If she believe thy love refrain,
She will, she will! be happy then.
There was a time, that now is gone,
When in my song I sang of love,
Mine heard a call imperative
To come and join the choir above.

Now, as yon lark beyond the clouds,
Who calls to earth so fondly.
I would be rising heavenward
To her who loved me dearly —

To living ears those notes resound,
With fondest trills of feeling;
They gurgle, whistle, warble now,
And all love's chimes are pealing.

Brouse, timid deer, on mountain top;
My arrow shall not pierce thee.
Diana's hounds are leash'd in sleep,
Or they might tear thee fiercely —
But hasten thee on! why linger here
From her who loves thee dearly?
May-hap, alike, she's dead and gone,
As mine — and left thee lonely.

No! tell me not that earth is fair,
Where golden grain is waving,
That limpid waters onward flow,
The flowers and grasses laving.
Oh! what are they, or sacred shrine,
Or fountains clear, or laurel grove?
They all are blurred and colorless,
When silent is the voice of love.

Eurydice! Eurydice!!

Morpheus, with his recipe for sorrow, soothed and kindly bathed his brow with drops from Lethe's stream. The perfumed zephyrs fanned the hectic flush — Nature, tired, more firmly closed his eyes, and turbulent thought was calm again. Tears adown his cheeks had coursed; tears relieve, then may follow tranquility — pain's estoppel — symbol of obliteration of sin and pain and thought. Blessed Jupiter! Be it so! It doth not shut out memory and joy and Love, hope and they awake again. No more of Hades — all is placid now; so long he slept that Urania and Somnus in thought's vision brought him scenes of others' sorrows to relieve, to mitigate his own — some of which he had heard the poets in story tell and glorify. They troop before him. "Endymion

and Luna upon Mount Latmus." Luna's face was pale with watching, and Juno's with anger flushed — poor shepherd, thou didst aspire too high, thou were rebuked. Pride, wealth and beauty were above thy sphere. Then came Leander, self-reliant, who nightly came and swam to Hero (he sighed in sleep piteously), the jealous Nereides have let him drown. She came to meet him at the sandy shore, where she could wade to him. She knew him true, that he would venture — rude Boreas with clouds frowned. A storm was on the Pont and baffled all his skill. O Love! what wilt thou not do? What not attempt. She waited long; depart she would not — her bewailing never ceased till she embraced his form upon the beach, and, with him clinging, was by the receding waves submerged. Joy at last! parted they were not.

Then thought he of Polyzena (filial daughter to redeem the body of a brother from the chariot wheels of an unfeeling victor, even to wed him), she, Priam's daughter. He was to restore the bruised and lifeless Hector (she had consented). Oh, she would thereby alleive the sorrow of her honored Parents, and Andromache's anguish and other kindred that loved dear Hector for his valor, worth and manhood. With streaming eyes downcast, led by her mother, Hecuba — she beside him, took the place assigned. Oh! what a marriage, a Lion with a Lamb — but the Gods forbade. Paris! thy faults thou didst in part annul, when thou didst slay the lewd barbarian. Opportune moment — successful aim, to drive thy pointed arrow through his hoof, his vulnerable part, and pin him to the earth — what tho' they burn Her body on His pyre to appease his manes. His Spartan Chiefs vaunted that if sacrificed to him, Achilles would, in the Elysian fields of bliss, enjoy her forever. That

existence is not for such as he! The Fates have seized upon his heel, hold and dip him perpetual in Styx baptismal stream. His name, tho' falsely boasted brave, is now despised, and Hector and Polyzena honored and adored, and at the verdict Orpheus smiled in sleep. Then came Sappho, once so praised, so wise, so beautiful. Mistress of the Muse, who had so lately Love's songs sung, that did elicit praises from Poets and from Princes — from broken rest she came distraught with Love. Love of Phaon. Love, tho' made evident in delicate avowal — unrequited. She, weird-like, strayed upon the Lucadian Rock (in fate's defiance), upon the brink of which she sat to scold the Moon — tear her hair, deranged and raving, fell into the Ocean's depths. In restless agitation he sprang to save her, and awoke, with every limb in tremor.

Then came an hour, ah then! his thoughts reverted to his mother — next in dear remembrance — ever Dear! who in past early lull-a-libs first kindled harmony and music's flame within him; long before his teachings by Apollo. She, who purity inculcated and the foundation laid of manhood, for she upon him left her noblest impress, they still were his, tho' dead she was. Break thy Harp Philomon; Hermes, unstring the Lyre. Music is mute when Love is dead!

Deem it not unmanly, He sighed, for a return of her maternal care, her guileless Love, on whom to lean and hear — listen to her sage and womanly condolence. Who shall guide him now — no Mentor — Pilotless, anchor lost, reason wreck'd — upon a shoreless, stormy sea.

Weep for the disappointed — for Sappho, the Sweet Singer, for Hero and Leander, and for Orpheus and Eurydice!

And Greece and Athens have other games they celebrate resumed again near Tempe's valley, where He had eclipsed the assembled Champions and bore away the prize—a most notable event!

ATTICA'S FEAST OF BACCHUS

Had been announced 'mid preparation vast to outdo the past in show and sport, and grand licentiousness. But proved to be a hollow mockery, a senseless medley, a rabies' revel—Degenerate Greece! Barbarians from far and near had landed, and pollute the classic land, fill the Arena, desecrate the groves, invade the sacred temples and make a pandemonium. Wonder not that the Oracles therein ceased to foretell events. They feed and leave foul stains and scraps at the base of every statue, and camel-like carry their hampers, greasy with travel, that reek and breed contagion. They were assigned a place, where the wind would carry their fume seaward.



BACCHANALIAN PROCESSION.

The procession! the procession! It comes heralded by Trumpet and Drum and Shout. Bubona with her white oxen garlanded in leading strings led by beautiful children, with reins of flowers and ribbons, in mimicry of a sacrifice, to placate and prove Great Jupiter had been propitious, followed by the shepherds

with their long-fleeced sheep and goats, and other caged and uncaged creatures. Next Autumnus, with her fruits of earth. Harvesters, with their sheaves of grain high piled on wains. Peasants of the fields, with their barley bread and figs, apples of Carthage, oranges, lemons, sprigs of clustering filberts, branches of almond, with their pink blossoms, with mulberry and grape. Patient industry, a worthy sight displayed to swell a Bacchanalian pageant.



BACCHANALIAN PROCESSION.

These were followed by the Mimic Muses, and each her calling symbolized. They were led by Mars, the callous, whose step did crush the atoms in his path. With axe and spear, fire and sword, as tho' coming from a recent slaughter, strutting as tho' glorying in deeds of blood. Appropriate, followed Tragic Melpomene with her dagger drawn, and Tacita the silent, with finger press'd upon her lips, and Muta, with fear and utterance dumb. She pointed to a passed path stained with blood and ashes. Tears lay upon her cheeks, ready to fall. Next, by her dress and lank visage, came a widow, dragging a tired child, shoe-

less and refractory — she would! despite of Herald, have her say. She with pale, thin lips, said in bitterness of scorn (her lament and dissent of unrighteous war) :—

THE WAR-WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Behold the Spartans' Heliot warriors!
This is Mars and these his followers.
Himself and shield were thrown from heaven,
And for his symbol fire was given,
With wolves and vultures 'graved thereon,
Barbaric things to look upon,
Bringing blood stains upon the nation,
Death, cruelty and desolation!
Let those who wage the quarrel fight,
Doth not weird famine thee affright?
Jove filled the heavy ears with corn,
That smiled propitious, all are gone!
The fruitful fields seemed overjoyed.
This, Mars and horse and fire destroyed —
For food the helpless faint and moan,
The wounded bleed, the cripples groan.
And now they brag that Mars is brave.
Who dares dispute, is not a slave!
Here are the proofs that war is wild,
Unjust to man, to wife and child.
With disrupt homes, with thread-bare dress,
That scarce doth hide their nakedness.
Come child! and see thy father's grave,
The state admits that he was brave.
Compelled to leave our home and thee,
Whom he had known so recently.
Our wedded consecrated love
Was all in thee — I'll faithful prove!
Poor wounded warrior — all alone,
The wolves have heard thy dying groan.
And thus he died? 'twas hard to part;
He left me with a broken heart.
O braver far is he who toils
At home, and shares not pirate spoils.
Minerva, guide us! let right be shown,
Then courage will defend its own.

She sorrowed much; 'twas Love's recall
And memory's grief the tears let fall.
Her hand the child pressed to its face,
Looked up more firm to cope with fate.
Bellona's mercenary troops march'd on,
And mock'd the words of her harangue.

Then came Milo and Ægean, the boxers and the wrestlers. Men of sturdy build and sinewy arms and stony fists, to throw the javelin, quoit or heavy bar — followed by the sound of lung and lithe of limb to outspeed Mercury, to running gear denuded. The boxers bruised and bled like slaughtered carcases. The wrestlers trick'd and kicked, fell maimed and lamed, and the vulgar called it sport. But of which Plato expressed his opinion, more in contempt than in anger, as he said:

THE BOXERS AND THE WRESTLERS.

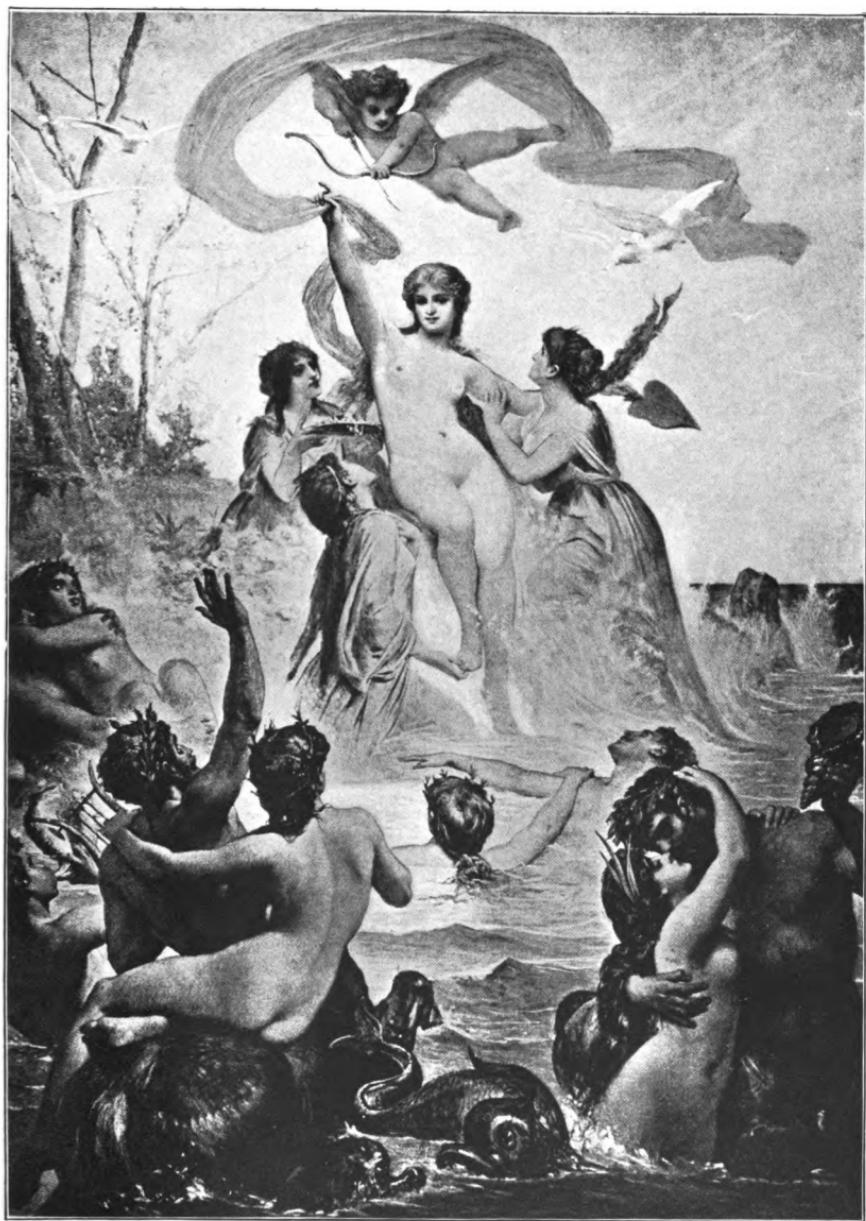
They live their little day and pass away,
Conquered at last by others, vile as they —
What vanity of vanities!
Brutal, without humanities.
To wrestle, kick and plunge and mall,
And cripples make of those who fall.
Tho' e'er so beauteous, make a wreck,
And throw him tho' it break a neck —
Or mar his face with stony fist,
His mother oft so fondly kissed —
Hear foul-mouth slang in banter boast,
Of their piasters won and lost —
Bragging drones that loll in the sun,
And the working bees impose upon;
They are the buzzards of the plain,
Carrion seekers shaming man's name.
Keep well aloof from such as they,
With such base tricksters do not play.
Do not degrade thy country or clan,
Fellow strident thy hand — be a man!

Let the bulls rush, the canines fight,
And animals of lower type.
Thy self-respect and name maintain,
Reserve thy strength for righteous fame.
Then shall the record be of thee—
“He did his duty”—manfully!

Then followed the Tritons with their trumpeters, that blew their distended cheeks with blear-eyed straining; and goat-like satyrs leapt and wrestled with their horns and cloven feet; and buffoons and loons and clown straddled along with grimace and painted face, and harlequins burlesque performed their parts to gaping, grinning crowds, and merry Momus held his sides till with laughter overcome — the rural boobies guffaw'd their fill.

Then came Orythia, Amazon's queen, and Alacto with her company of man-women; Hippona bold, straddling the quadruped, and other Furies in disguise of modesty devoid; then followed a troop of barely-clad adventurers to show their graceful form, their knack at pose and posture. When Venus passed, as she arose from the sea, supported by the Nereides, it was commented and appeared absurd that the bald-pate men, even the Judges, to see the sight, strove more excitedly than did the young. They offered as excuse, “That they with sight defective have to take a nearer look.”

An interval, but then came bevies of fair girls and youth garlanded and gay, and the God Bacchus in Nature's best array. A naked boy, naked as Cupid, dimpled, plump and rosy, sat with vine and ivy trailing, holding his scepter like a king; his golden car by subdued lions drawn, Silene, his mother leading them. She was there to hold them in check lest they should rampant grow and destroy both Bacchus and his worshipers; and they, with band and voice sang merrily:—



BIRTH OF VENUS.



DECORATING THE GARDEN STATUE OF BACCHUS.

BACCHUS IS KING.

Tune: "Swiss Boy."

Here we come with thy grapes, ruddy boy,
 From the vale of Ny-a-sas' fair land.
 Where the sun paints the clusters with joy;
 See they purple our lips and our hands—
 We will scatter the seed at thy feet,
 And train all their tendrils to grow,
 For each globe holds a delicate sweet,
 That our presses with nectar o'erflow.

Then merrily sing, for Bacchus is king,
 He gives us the vine and its fruits that we bring.
 Evan! EVOE! Evan! EVOE!!

Shout your joy, shout for joy! come and share,
 He hath open'd his odorous store,
 And his vine blossoms fill all the air,
 'Till enamored our senses adore—
 We'll drink from the sweets of his cup,
 We'll invite all the jovial to share;
 Then our tongues as the liquid we quaff,
 Will pay court to the young and the fair.

Then merrily sing, for Bacchus is king,
 He gives us the vine and its fruits that we bring.
 Evan! Evoe! Evan! Evoe!!

We will laugh, joyous laugh, ha, ha, haa!
 For its life-giving essence imparts
 A bliss that no sorrow can mar,
 As it lightens and brightens all hearts —
 We'll partake of this life-giving wine,
 As our festival time passes by,
 And when life's sun is on the decline,
 We'll sip its sweet perfume and die.

Then merrily sing, for Bacchus is king,
 He gives us the vine and its fruits that we bring.
 Evan! Evoe! Evan! Evoe!!



BACCHANALIAN PROCESSION.

And so they passed along; but then came, Oh, shame! who can depict the opposite?

Discordia's Harpies of contention, clanging their Bacchanalian tabors, led by Acratus reeling, that the vine branches that they jointly carried, grape sprinkling the way, kept from falling. They marched with ribald shout and song.

THE BACCHANALIAN CHORUS.

Avo Avoa! To Bacchus and the vine. The drums and timbrels beat, the brasses clang'd and Pan piped derision's music in buffo. The choristers sang and croaked the Bacchanalian chorus:—

DRUNK-FULL.

Avaunt, spectre, morose!
 Fill up the bowl
 A fig! for the toll!
 Fill up! jolly Jocose?
 The vintage is on,
 This is our song,
 May Bacchus the revel prolong,
 Avo! Avoa!
 May Bacchus the revel prolong!

And the swollen goats pranced in unison.
 Then sang Acratus, decorated, amid his grape and vine leaves full, but with utterance faulty:—

TO BACCHUS AND THE VINE.

Here's to wine! the ru-ruby wine,
 That has ran down my throat.
 Wine has no dregs if it is fine,
 And neither had-it-ought!
 Hic! Hic! Avo! Avoa!
 To Bacchus and the vine.

When it is new, it-it is too thin,
 As posset, d-d'solved to pap,
 Fill me a flagon to the brim,
 Before I take my nap.
 Hic! Hic! Avo! Avoa!
 To Bacchus and the vine.

When it is old and I've a cold,
 A cold I always dread.
 I fill my bowl with so'thing old,
 To, to, tinge my nose — a red.
 Hic! Hic! Avo! Avo!
 To Bacchus and the vine.

Wine! hic! will cure 'most anything,
 Except to cure my thirst.
 It gives disgusto while I sing,
 That empty is my purse.
 Hic! Hic! Avo! Avo!
 To Bacchus and the vine.

Wine never was a headache cure,
 But good for squirms or shakes,
 It's awful good to cause a snore.
 See adders crawl — and snakes.
 Hic! Hic! Avo! Avo!
 To Bacchus and the vine.

Now it is late, I scarce can prate,
 Or follow my own nose —
 I find wine, will intoxicate
 May-hap, turn up my toes.
 Hic! Hic! Avo! Avo!
 To Bacchus and the vine.

'Necrean now tho' thou sing or prate,
 'Nd I'll just hold the bottle.
 Wine surely will, evaporate,
 If out is left the stopple.
 Hic! Hic! Avo! Avo!
 To Bacchus and the vine.

Dizzy became Anacreon and gag'd and strove to
 vomit forth a swallow'd seed from his mellow throat,
 but stumbling fell and broke the empty bowl. Tiletus,
 his fellow-mate, drunk, smear'd with lees, corpulent
 and red, sat riding his Pegasus (an ass with wings),
 it should have been a horse; it was neither; it was a

mixture (wings); it was his feet that flew at the striplings that tickled him behind; but on Tiletus clung to mane and tail, wearied out the kicker and wasn't thrown, tho' bareback'd was the mule.

Then to their separate tents they did depart, wearied with their own folly, whilst others sought the less frequented groves to feast it out among the revelers.

"With the dancers and the dicers, and the * * *" Plato check'd himself and said, "The horses and the chariot races closed without a broken bone or dislocation." Then, with more serious face continued, as tho' returning to the Theme of Tragedy:

"Oh, ill-hap, that where the Bacchi pitched their tents Orpheus should be found! Orpheus thought himself a lone, wreck'd sailor — sail and chart and comrade's gone, lash'd to a broken helm in a boundless sea — drenched — saw the vivid bolts of Vulcan pierce the gloom, as tho' Neptune and Pluto wrangled for precedence with angry Boreas roaring; himself in chaos, doom pending.

"The exhausted body a strange effect produced, the cloudy mind was clearing — the climax came, for a ray of reason had come to him — 'Great Jupiter was kind!'

"From that doubt, that agony of regained reason, he sank upon a stone exhausted, with hands buried beneath his face to further reassure himself of his existence; and then, arising, like a wounded Greek, to battle still.

"He felt the walls of his abode exclaiming, 'These are rocks; is it not so? I was in a storm; a ship-destroying storm; I'm not at sea! this is not the Argo! Yet this I know, that whene'er this mortal dies the part Immortal will be received among the Gods!' X

"He heard the discordant shouts without — of the

Bacchanalian revelers — and thought of the doomed in Tartarus. He would prepare (he was preparing) for a celestial voyage; happy faces flit along the way; he would leave this cave and take the voyage; he had fought his last battle unwounded; peace to him had come — he was sane — no face was half so tranquil — homeward bound, his log written, ready to report. He had within himself premonitions of approval; he heard a familiar voice call him; he had heard that voice before in dreams bid him to follow — so certain was he that she spoke that he aloud replied, ‘ Eurydice, I come! I come! ’

“ He is conscious of his surroundings; he is chill, for he drew the fragments of his garments close around him, and questioning, sadly sang :—

Tune: “ Robin Adair.”

Why in this cave am I,
 My friend not here;
 Good Jason did not die,
 Let him appear!
 Where is the jovial crew,
 So prompt his will to do,
 I would that I but knew
 They were so dear!
 Where is Eurydice,
 My own betrothed?
 Where, say? if dead she be,
 Is her abode?
 Why was I rent with pain,
 I remember it again?
 Her absence turned my brain,
 I had lost the road.

“ Music of Terpsichore, with laugh and scream and voice of woman in delirium, their Bacchanalian shout comes very near. He had not been disturbed within

his cave until they entered, and found him there. It was a discovery where search would seem in vain. For a moment there was mutual astonishment; they stared at him and drew back, and then boldly in numbers entered and dragged him forth, exclaiming ‘ ‘Tis Orpheus!’ weak and unsightly as he was they clung upon him, maudlin; they bade him play upon his harp again as was once his wont and forte. ‘ Play, play! ’ they screamed, ‘ and we will dance and raise Baal-phégor,’ but he heeded not, and when persuasion failed and threat had no effect —

“ He thus addressed them: ‘ Seest thou not that I am not, of thy company. Intrude not upon a recluse, a man of sorrow! But would’st thou have man believe thy virtues, his above — he notes thy constant journeys to the shrines, even to Diana’s! Listen, oh listen! To teach his children thou wert given, to gently guide them to Elysium or earthly happiness, whilst he at plough or mart or sea, toils to obey the divine decree cheerily! ’

He feels repaid when he discerns,
Maternal care when he returns;
Would’st thou to virtue lead thy child,
Be not with drunkenness defiled —
Let evil wine ne’er stain thy lip,
For virtue’s feet it oft doth trip.
Then — lost to modesty and shame,
What charm can wipe away the stain.
Each lewd masked tempter will arise,
And thy loose wallowing despise —
In ribald sport, mock and disclose,
Thy shame — thy weakness all expose.
Believe — no rose-lip’d Bacchant maid,
Can guard her charms if thus arrayed.
No reeling fumed inebriate she,
Can claim Diana’s purity.
The sweet emetic is a tempting snare,
That leads to shame — to death — beware!

"They had gather'd as hounds around a wounded deer, with eyes aflame at close of hunt, at scent of blood, for he had scarce closed his good advice — faith and belief in woman (advice well meant), ere they sprang upon him — spat in his face, were furious ; tore his hair, stript him with their claws and threw him to the earth — tugged at either arm with drunkard strength ; and he, of whom 'twas said fear'd not man, was in their delirious clutch, powerless as a wounded warrior in the midst of hungry wolves, and like the wolves they bayed at him, saying :—

"‘Who was Philomela? Pure as Diana! ravished by Tereus;’ another cried ‘Who was Helena! (beautiful as Venus) abducted by Paris;’ another cried out ‘Who was fair Dido (a deceived Diana) by Æneas deserted;’ ‘Who tuneful Sappho (delight of Diana in song) deceived by faithless Phaon;’ and with shriek, they cried ‘Who tore Eurydice from Diana’s shrine? — ‘twas Orpheus!’ And Orpheus heard their several indictments against man and was silent, but when he was himself arraigned his tears well’d up, and faintly he replied, ‘Woman! in this thou art false! false as thou art cruel!’ Then Circe struck him with her sickle and he bled — resistance none was offered, except in words — ‘Shame Dione thou art false as Fabula — Bacchi revelers do not thyselfes unsex. Wouldst thou find mercy, be * * * while he was yet speaking Debauche press’t her hands upon his mouth until he ceased to breathe — as wasps upon a bare-neck’d boy they with obeluses pierced him.

“Mercy! in a shoal of sharks a drowning sailor finds none; they hack him, they tear his limbs, and another Adonis dies. They had suck’d the blood of the grape as vampires till demoniac they became.



DEATH OF ORPHEUS.
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" But such as they had often looked with sensual eyes upon him; displayed in vain their charms in varied temptings — semi-modest. They called him in derision 'Narcissus, in love with his own shadow.' Midas' daughters had glittered their finery, taunted him with words unseemly. They, knew not love! They derided the name of Love and flung their taunts and mockings at him. Strip'd the leaves from his faded trophies and flung them in the Lotus pond. Some, but oh, how few, were there who felt one pitying pang as they saw his torn and lifeless form.

" The Dryades of the woods fled in terror, for Melpomene had closed the Tragedy.

" Jason had been apprised but came too late. He tenderly raised him from the earth and bore away his body.

" Shade of harmonious Orpheus! As the dial by clouds obscured no more doth tell where it was shone upon, we miss thy light, but time nor sun has not effaced the memory of thy love and gentle life.

" Where are the Bacchi and their orgies? Remorse's memories flash'd athwart their path with their annoy, and they have perished in their lair. They rot in the earth as drones and gluttons inglorious, and are forgotten, and are, as tho' they had not been.

" The morrow came; then the Oracles unloosed their tongues. The Muses have come forth to herald for all time the loves of Orpheus and Eurydice. Their joint and glorious fame in their Unsullied Love.

" They made his tomb — design'd his statue for Minerva's Temple — its colossal figure stands conspicuous.

" Jason, his constant, latest friend, rendered his eulogy in recognition of his worth, his perfections, his manhood and his faith in Divine love; " that Plato in

brief repeated as "Our ideal man — one like unto Orpheus there is none."

"Euterpe and her choir of friends were there; she sang a dirge in which they joined at close of each refrain. 'Twas of joyous import, tho' in solemn meter rendered:—

A DIRGE TO ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

No! they are not dead,
What e'er our lips have said.
Let not your hearts be sad,
They have risen! from the dead!
Rejoice, rejoice! They have risen from the dead!

Orpheus and Eurydice!
Our memories doth again
Revivify thy name,
For as lovers we rejoice
At the never-ending fame.
Rejoice, rejoice! At thy never-ending fame!

Now endless be thy love,
For love can never die.
This we on earth believe,
Thy souls can never grieve—
But sing and praise eternally,
Great Jupiter above.
Rejoice, rejoice! They never more can grieve!

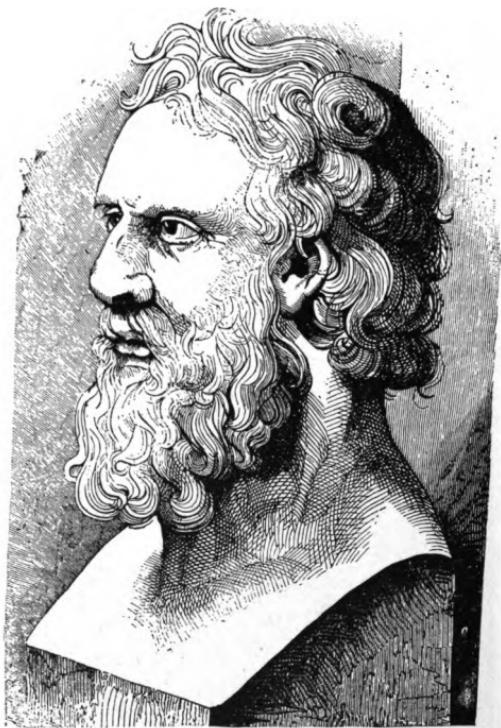
Inheritance Divine!
Greater gain than olive crown,
To gain Elysium!
Love divine, thy faith will meet,
And thy betrothal be complete;
Where parting is unknown.
Rejoice, rejoice! They have gained Elysium.

"Erato and other gentle poets say: 'Philomela sings nightly at his tomb in remembrance of his sweet



TOMB OF ORPHEUS.

songs: ' Birds of unpretentious plume, sing on; thy notes, tho' wordless, are fond comfort to innocent ears — to those who love — sing to them. They are now omniscient where such symphonies are heard in continuous change, that never cloy as they flow and echo through fields Elysian, where bliss is most complete.



PLATO.

He is thine, Eurydice; to thyself take him! All lovers say amen!

"They have found that realm, doubtless, where the human and divine are happily conjoined. The schools cannot solve its near or distant sphere — 'tis too pro-

found for man yet not beyond belief — Great Jupiter! confirm our faith in its reality, make glad the earth, let it be fruitful; ripple waters to the ocean, bear our ships of commerce. Come bud and blossom, herb and flower and add thy joy! fields with thy grain the harvest bring, and man give thanks and praise. Creatures thy natures satisfy; sing, feed, bound and live, thine is an evanescent day, brief and to pass away. But for man the continuous harmonies of Divine Love live on — live on! for whom?

"It was announced, and reason doth approve, 'The wicked shall be, in futurity, as tho' they had not been; but the pure in heart shall never die.' Dost thou comprehend?" And many hands in affirmative were raised.

Thus continued he to philosophize on Immortality to the close of his lecture. This 'reading from Homer,' saying in peroration: "I would not have that belief from my mind removed for all the world!"

Then arose Socrates (the wise) commenting on the poem (in epilogue) and the thoughts involved said: 'Except Great Jupiter himself, your gods and goddesses are inferior things, have no soul, are not divine — unworthy they of worship are. Less than mortal have mere semblance; shadows of deformities that with the light vanish as fiction and darkness before the font of Truth and Light, think no more of them, they recede to Erebus.

'If it were possible that a perfect man should come to the earth and vile would destroy him.'

He then, with upraised face, in supplication said: 'Father Jupiter! Give us all good whether we ask it or not, and avert from us all evil, tho' we do not pray thee to do so. Bless all our good actions and reward them with success and happiness!'

The envious and sanctimonious who taught and controlled at the shrines and temples expressed their dissent of the comments of Socrates, saying: 'Thou art a false teacher, a corrupter of youth,' and abruptly left the Lyceum.

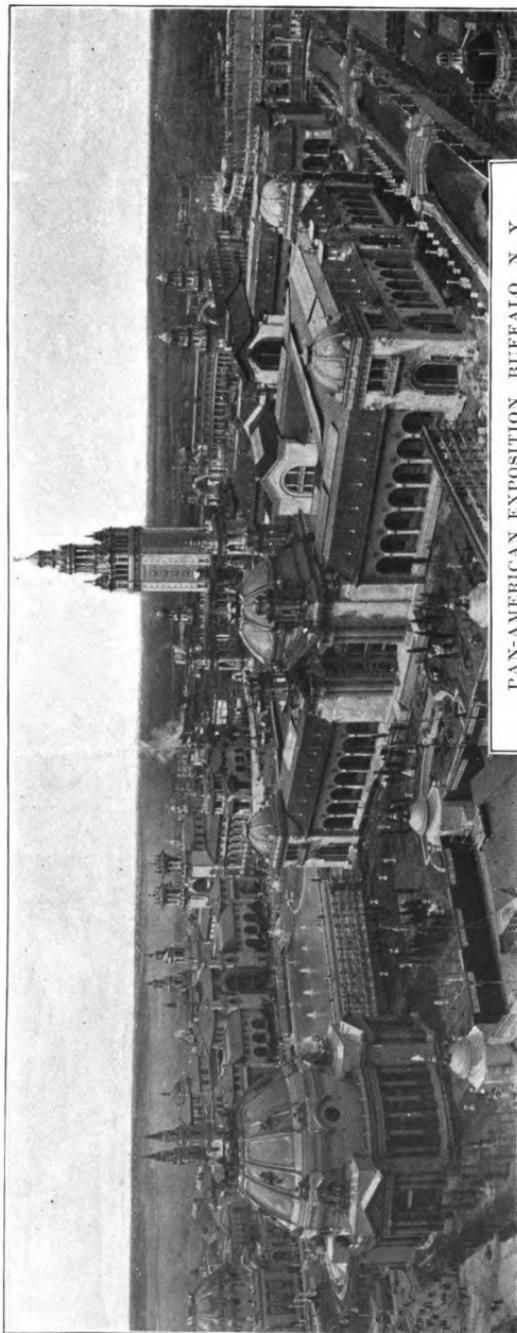
Then the youthful students, full of admiration, press't forward to grasp his hand, and to praise and thank Plato for his rendition of the poem.

The ladies smiled graciously upon him; some in the midst of the story shed tears, others courtesied low, and all from the Lyceum departed, to sleep and dream of Orpheus and Eurydice.

JOHN PENNIE, JR.

Albany, N. Y.

NOTE.—The doctrine of the Immortality of the soul is fully given by Plato in the Phaedo. A dialogue that contains a philosophic discussion, with a graphic narrative of the last hours of Socrates and his friends, that in pathos and unaffected dignity surpass any other human composition extant.



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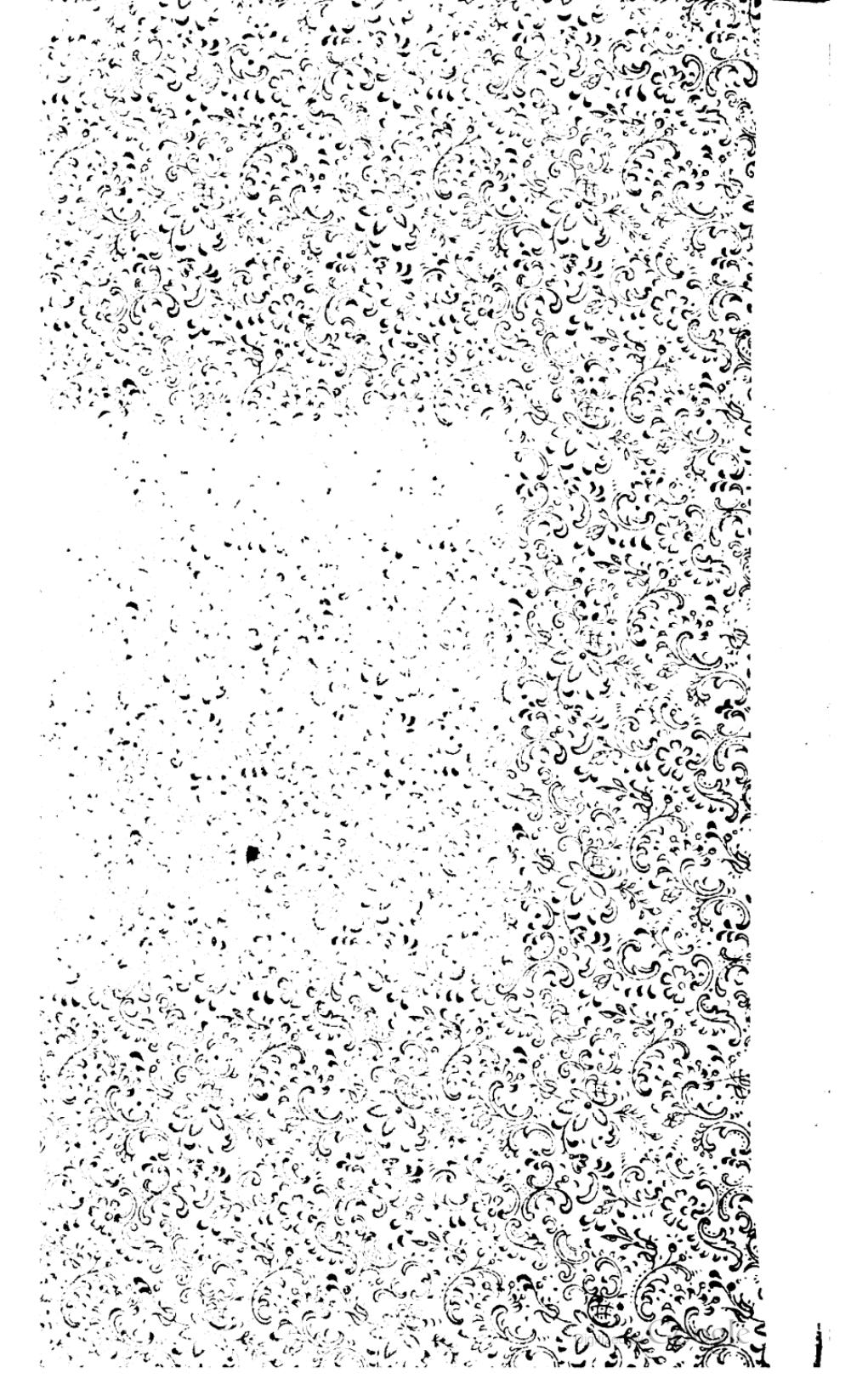
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